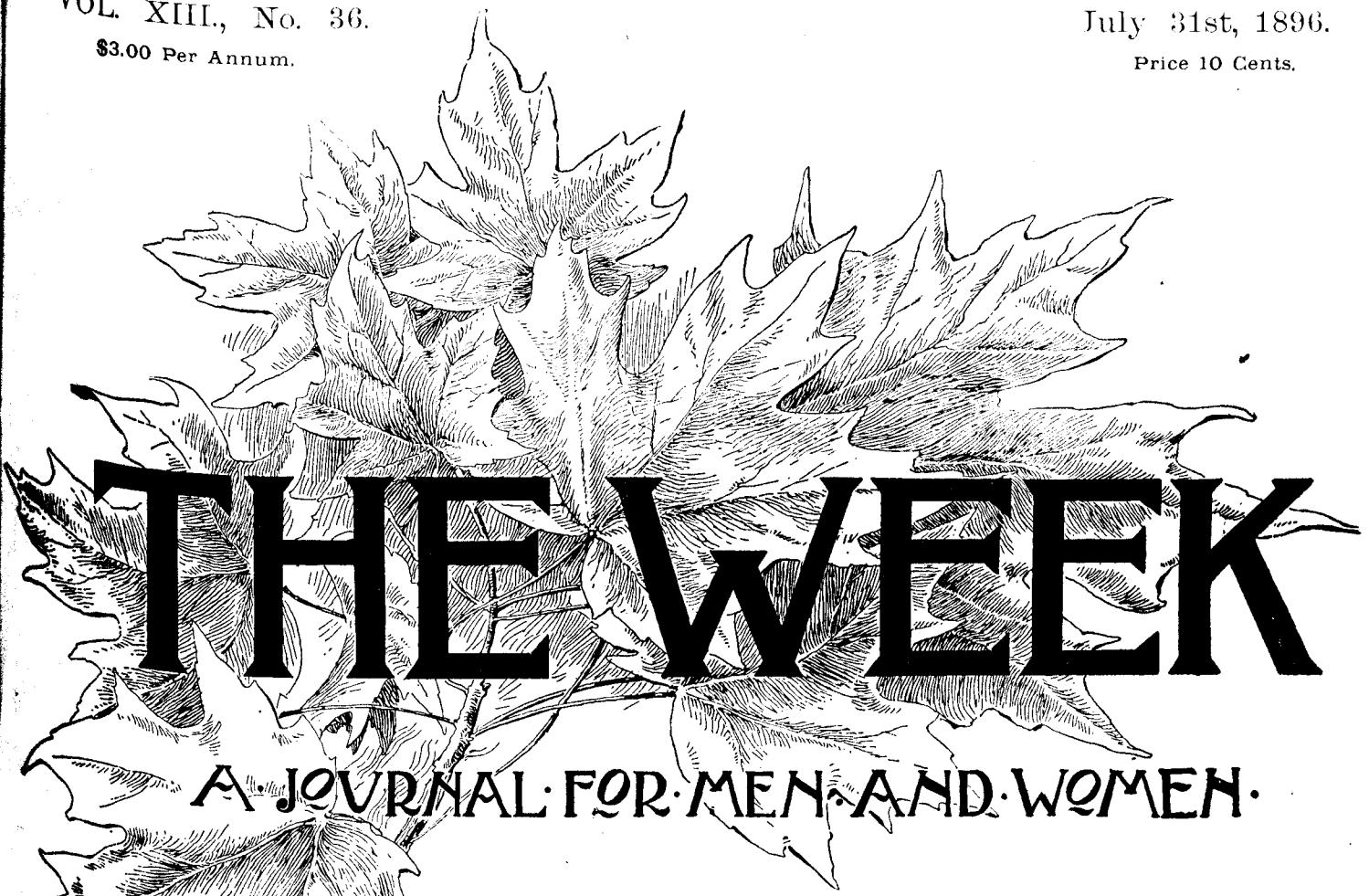


This Number contains: Canada Under the Early French Colonization, III., by Viscount de Fronsac; Gareth and Lynette, by J. T. Shotwell; Cobden and His Work, by Rev. W. G. Jordan. Book Review: Foster's Commentaries on the American Constitution, II. Leader: Our Back Door.

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, July 31st, 1896.

No. 36

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Current Topics.

Mr. Laurier's
Domestic Policy.

The Liberal Premier has been announcing his programme. The topics relating to domestic matters dealt with by him are:

1. A Reform of the Tariff. On this point Mr Laurier says: "I declare on this occasion that we will proceed with caution in order not to injure the established interests. Such is the programme of the Liberal party. We are to have a session on the 18th of August, but it will be very short. We will vote the budget and nothing more. There will be no legislation. We will provide for the public expenditure, nothing more. The changes in the tariff will be deferred to the new session, which will be held in January or February. Until then what shall we do? We shall communicate with the managers of industries, manufactures, etc., and together we shall elaborate a fiscal policy which will be of a nature to lighten the burden of taxes which lie upon this country."
2. The interests of Agriculture. "It is not for any Government to raise the price of your farm products, but we can reduce the price of what you must purchase for your consumption. That is what we want to do. We can also facilitate the sale of your products by establishing rapid transit and facilitating communication with European markets, and this we will do before long."
3. Development of the North-West. "What we want to do is to increase the population and thus decrease your expenses, and to attain that end we shall develop the North-West."
4. Settlement of the Manitoba School Question. "I only want six months in which to settle the question, and, if I am not mistaken, before that time is over the question will be settled without exciting the prejudices of anybody and rendering justice to whom justice is due." This domestic programme, if carried out, will put Mr. Laurier on the topmost pinnacle of success. He will, if he succeeds in his anticipations, earn the undying gratitude of Canada.

Mr. Laurier's
Foreign Policy.

As to our foreign relations Mr. Laurier speaks as follows: 1. With England—

I draw your attention is our relation with Old England.

"Another plank of our platform to which

Our party has always been represented on the other side as a party of rebels, who would try to break all colonial ties. I am of the French race, like yourselves, but I do not hesitate to declare that I am a loyal subject of Her Majesty. This is a free country, and it is because we are a free people that we are loyal subjects. Fifty years ago our fathers went to arms to fight and die for their liberty and their rights. If I had been living then I, perhaps, would have done the same, but I am not living in 1837. We are now in 1896, and if we have the rights of all British subjects we also have the same responsibilities. But from a commercial standpoint our relations might be better. The English market is open to all of the nations of the world on equal footing. It might be possible to obtain from England a preferential treaty which would be exclusively for our products." 2. With the United States—"As to relations with the United States, I am of the opinion that they have not been as they should have been. For nearly thirty years the Governments have not treated each other very cordially. We propose to try and establish amicable relations with them like friends, and not like enemies. There are some people who are of the opinion that such a step would not be loyal to England. I will not admit that one nation's friendship with another is a sign of hostility towards a third nation. If we succeed in establishing friendly relations with the United States we will revive the reciprocity treaty of 1853-56, the era of good times for the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario." Here we perceive an attempt to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. No man can serve two masters. English preferential trade and American reciprocity can never agree. If Mr. Laurier can reconcile these two antagonistic principles of commerce he will do wonders. We hope in his attempt he will not approach our neighbours across the line hat in hand. They have only a *quid pro quo* to offer us, equivalent to what Canada can offer them—not one more valuable to Canada than the offer Canada can make to them. Canadian diplomats have hitherto discovered that American negotiators commence by urging annexation as the price of their favours. Mr. Laurier will not find them changed in that tone. It is the basis of all their proposals. The question is not one of loyalty to England. It is one of the separate existence of Canada as a nation. Mr. Laurier will find it very hard to preserve Canadian autonomy and while doing so to secure American reciprocity in trade.

In the London Spectator of the 18th July
The Spectator's Article on Canada

there appears an article on Canada which is one of the kindest and most sympathetic we have read for many a day. Principal Grant contributed to the National Review an article headed Canada and the Empire. It is delightful to read it. The Spectator, taking that article and Mr. Laurier's loyal and patriotic attitude as its theme, concludes its sensible remarks on Canada in this fashion: "In view of these facts and of the striking recent manifestations of loyal feeling with which Mr. Laurier has decisively associated himself, our Canadian fellow-subjects may be assured that no attention is paid here to such

misrepresentations of Canadian sentiment as those of which Principal Grant complains on the part of Mr. Goldwin Smith." It is a frightful nuisance that Canadians have to be so constantly on the *qui vive* to counteract the pernicious effects of this gentleman's anti-Canadian jeremiads. *Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed supe cadendo.* If Mr. Smith were left uncontradicted, the English people in time would come to believe what he said. He has now been told plainly enough what Canadians think of him, and how very little Englishmen place reliance on what he writes. Can he not take the hint and remain among the Americans he so much admires, and cease to take advantage of his residence here to misrepresent us.

Arnold and
Newman.

On Wednesday, the 15th July, the Dean of Westminster unveiled a bust of Arnold of Rugby.

This bust is opposite to that of the great head-master's son, Matthew Arnold, and in the company of those of Wordsworth, Keble, Frederick Denison, Maurice and Fawcett. Three of these men were fellows of Oriel College, Oxford—the two Arnolds and Keble. Almost while this ceremony was being conducted, another fellow of Oriel, Cardinal Newman, was being similarly honoured in another place. At the Brompton Oratory a statue of the Cardinal was unveiled. Thus, on the same day, two different types were honoured. Arnold is the modern, Newman the mediaeval, Englishman. Arnold's influence has been felt in the cricket ground, in the school, on the battlefield, wherever vigorous common-sense and straightforward honesty have influence. Newman has set an example of ascetic refinement of mind, he is a voice crying in the wilderness, a self-tormenting doubter about the realities of this world, in the contemplation of the next. Sincerity in both cases—a high ideal in both—both men honest and true, and yet as far apart in method and aim as the furthest poles. We think the lessons taught by Arnold of Rugby will survive those to be learned from Cardinal Newman. But, however that may be, for both men, there can be felt irrespectively of disagreement in opinion none save feelings of honour and reverence. When will we, in Canada, be able to point to similar results from our universities. Never, so long as Residence is discouraged, and so long as our young men, like young vulgarians, love to hear themselves called "Boys." Toronto University has sunk alas! into a large High School, and the other Canadian Universities are crippled by sectional restraint. No more deplorable contrast is furnished between our intellectual life and that of England than that presented by our Universities as compared with Oxford or Cambridge. The misfortune is that every year makes it worse.

* * *

Our Back Door.

THE pamphlet issued by Mr. F. F. Payne, of the Observatory staff, on the subject of the seasons as they are experienced at Hudson's Strait, is timely and instructive. The style is simple, and there is no attempt at fine writing. The consequence is that the reader can understand exactly the meaning which the author intends to convey, and a clear picture is presented of the seasons in their succession through the year. Mr. Payne accompanied the expedition which was sent, in 1884, by the Dominion Government, to Hudson's Strait to establish observing stations. At selected points, seven in number, the movements of the ice, the direction of currents, and the rise and fall of tides were noted. Information was also obtained respecting the climatology of the neighbouring shores. Mr. Payne states that the four sea-

sons have well marked characteristics. Spring begins about May 20th. On May 3rd, caterpillars, full-grown, were seen crawling on the rocks when the temperature was ten degrees below freezing (!) About May 20th there was a marked rise in temperature, and immediately everything sprang into life. Snow fell up to June 17th. The ice in the Strait, honeycombed and broken, kept floating about. Between the end of May and the middle of June there were very marked changes in vegetation. On June 15th, twenty or more different plants were in leaf, and two were in full bloom. The snowbird, ducks and gulls were nesting, and all the birds which migrate so far north had probably arrived. The only winged insect seen beside the spider and the fly was the bumble bee. During the last fortnight of June, vegetation and all animate life appeared to make wonderful growth. Over the sea the ice, though much softer, remained generally compact, but along the shore and in the small bays it was fast giving way. At the eastern and western entrance of the Strait, which is over four hundred miles long (Toronto is five hundred miles from Quebec, that comparison will give some idea of the length of the Strait), the temperature is slightly in excess of that in the central part. This difference is explained by the contiguity of the warmer waters of the Atlantic and Hudson's Bay.

Summer may be said to begin with Dominion Day. The sun rises between 2 and 3 a.m., and sets between 9 and 10 p.m. At all hours it is as light as it is in Ontario, immediately after sunset, this being an important factor in considering the navigability of the Strait. By the middle of July all plants except two were in bloom, and wherever there was sufficient earth to support plant life flowers of different colours were to be seen. During July the ice is packed on the south side of the Strait, and ships entering Hudson's Bay always keep to the north side. By July 22nd all the ice had become generally very open, and fifteen days later there was little to be seen at Cape Prince of Wales, while elsewhere the remaining ice was widely scattered.

On land, by July 15th, animal and fish life were plenteous. None of the fishes show as much vitality as those of the same species in lower latitude, and most of them are very easily caught with the hand. Insects include butterflies, moths, bees and mosquitoes, the latter as numerous as farther south. On cold, cloudy days, only the bumble bee could be seen on the wing. Fogs are very frequent in July, but are confined mostly to the Strait. The number of hours of fog was 606, while in the Straits of Belle Isle there were 1,992 hours.

Summer continues to 25th August. Up to that date there is not much increase in temperature. It is more steady, frosts becoming less frequent and the range less. Seeds of nearly all plants ripened early in August. By about the middle of the month all the young birds had been fledged and a little later several had doubtless gone southward as they were not again seen. By August 19th all the ice in the Strait had disappeared except some Fox Channel bergs, these bergs being very deep in the water, and doubtless carried by an under current which does not bring in surface ice, and which need not be discussed in considering the navigability of the Strait. By the 15th August nearly all insect life had passed away, and by the 25th of that month summer was over and autumn had begun.

By September 12th nearly every plant had ceased to show life or was quickly withering. On September 2nd the wild geese were flying southward. On the 7th the ground was frozen. On the 14th snow fell. It will have been seen above that snow had fallen on June 17th. There were, therefore, three months clear of snow. But during the greater part of

September there were many enjoyable days when the snow would completely disappear and the air would feel comparatively warm. By September 25th autumn is quite over, except at the eastern entrance of the Strait where it may be a little later. All lakes were frozen over on the 26th.

A few birds lingered until the first week in October, the last being seen as late as the first week in November, and on occasional bright days in October a few flies could be seen. Looking seaward the white whale, walruses and seals could be seen sporting in the blue water until quite late in October when ice once more formed in the bays. This shore ice would often break up and drifting out to sea would help much to smooth the open water which, on calm nights, would also often freeze. A fresh wind then occurring, all the ice would again be broken up, and it was not until large masses of Fox Channel ice had crowded into the bays about November 30th that the water in them became permanently frozen.

In 1884, in the western entrance of the Strait there was much Fox Channel ice throughout the summer and autumn, elsewhere there was little or none after August 25th. By October 2nd it had closed in on Nottingham Island and soon an eastward movement set in early in November; it was visible at Cape Prince of Wales and continued to drift backwards and forwards, packing mostly on the north side. At Cape Chudleigh it was generally compact by November 8th. In 1885, the ice was compact at Nottingham Island on October 3rd, at Cape Prince of Wales on November 14th, and Cape Chudleigh on November 23rd.

As the ice opened up on the north side, say about Dominion Day, there were thus July, August, September—three months of open navigation. In fortunate years, there may be another fortnight at either end, but evidently the limit is three months and a half. If it is possible to navigate the Strait clear of the ice at Nottingham Island—a point which Mr. Payne does not elucidate—then there are quite four months, perhaps more, of open navigation of Hudson's Strait.

The terrors of the winter we are not concerned to repeat. Our object in calling attention to Mr. Payne's monograph is to bring this evidence into court to show for what period these Straits can be navigated. Mr. Payne is an unexceptionable witness. His testimony is unbiased. He is evidently an acute observer, and his touches of nature interspersed through his observations bring the very scene itself before the reader. The question of the navigability of these Straits is too vital to the Canadian North-West to be summarily disposed of. Interested testimony must be taken *cum grano*. Mr. Payne's statements prove that the Strait is navigable from, say, the first of July, perhaps earlier, to the beginning of October and it may be the beginning of November. We have more than once expressed our desire for reliable information on this question, and Mr. Payne has supplied exactly what was wanted. We again make the request that some of our readers would further enlighten us on the possibilities of the proposed route from the North-West via Hudson's Strait to England. If feasible, strategically and commercially, it would be simply invaluable to the Dominion.

* * *

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, an old friend of Thomas Carlyle's—evidenced by his book "Conversations with Carlyle," which has just appeared in a popular edition—has written a history of Victoria, dealing more especially with the period when he was connected with the government of that Colony. The work will be ready in the early autumn.

We Forget.

She clung to his breast in grief and tears,
"We part for awhile," said she;
"But neither time, nor force, nor fears,
Shall sever me from thee!"

Her daughter came with a tarnished book
(Long years had passed away),
"There's a name writ here—my mother—look!
I've ne'er seen till to-day."

She closed the book of forgotten lays,
With a quiet hand, and slow,
"Tis the name of a friend of my girlhood's days,
I fancied long ago."

REGINALD GOURLAY.

* * *

Canada Under the Early French Colonization: 1672-1759.—III.

IN 1672, Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, came to Canada, while the Comte de Frontenac was Governor-General. He traversed the entire Mississippi and named the country at its mouth Louisiana, in honour of Louis XIV.

Dongan, the English Royal Governor of New York, encouraged the Iroquois Indians to be hostile to the French in order to check the advance of the French. South and West Canada, therefore, was again forced into hostility with the English in 1690.

In 1689, the first Congress of the English Colonies was held in Boston, to devise means of conquering the French. Sir William Phips, of Massachusetts, had been sent to England for aid. Port Royal, in Acadia, was captured by Sir William Phips, from Boston, who had eight ships loaded with soldiers, while the French garrison consisted of three men.

In 1690, Sir William Phips appeared before Quebec with 35 ships and between 3,000 and 4,000 regular militia and Indians (Iroquois), and gruffly demanded its surrender from the Governor, the Comte de Frontenac. That nobleman haughtily replied that he would give it "at the canon's mouth." Phips was beaten off and forced back to Boston, while Te Deums of praise resounded from the French churches.

Comte de Frontenac then organized Canada for the struggle. The Golden Age of its prosperity was over. The Heroic Age of its defence was about to commence.

In 1696 Comte D'Iberville, of the noted Lemoine family, captured Fort William Henry. He captured the whole Hudson Bay Territory from the English. Under the Comte de Frontenac and D'Iberville the French, by land and sea, became invincible.

When war broke out again in 1703—in Europe called the War of the Spanish Succession—French privateers ravaged the coasts of New England and captured prizes even in Boston harbour. But in 1710 Acadia was permanently conquered by Col. Nicholson, of New England, who, with 35 ships, captured Port Royal, containing but a feeble garrison. The name of the place was changed to Annapolis Royal, and that of the Province to Nova Scotia.

By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Louis XIV. ceded to England Acadia, Hudson Bay Territory, Newfoundland and the Isle of St. Christopher, reserving for the French the right of fishing on the coasts of Newfoundland, from Bonavista to Cape Rich. The population of the French, in Canada, at this time was only 27,000.

In 1744 England and France once more dug up the hatchet of strife and engaged in the War of the Austrian Succession. Their Colonies followed them. The French had built Louisbourg, in Cape Breton. In 1745 Sir William Pepperell, with 4,000 New England militia and Commodore Warren's English fleet, appeared before Louisbourg, which, after a gallant defence, passed into their hands. In 1748, however, this war was ended by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. England restored Louisbourg to France, and France gave Madras back to England. The British Government paid Massachusetts for her expedition against the French under Pepperell.

The French determined from this time, if possible, to confine the English to that part of the continent east of the Alleghany Mountains. The military strength of the French

in Canada had to be drawn from 60,000 population, while the English Colonists numbered 1,200,000.

In 1749. the Hon. Edward Cornwallis was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia by the English Crown and laid the foundation of the city of Halifax, and land was offered to emigrants to come and settle, so that the country might be held from the French.

The attempt of the French to confine the English to the east side of the Alleghanies by building forts on the Ohio and Mississippi resulted in 1754 in Gen. Braddock's expedition against Fort Du Quesne (now Pittsburg) with a force of 2,000 English regulars and Virginia militia under Washington. But the French Commandant made an ambush with 200 French and a band of Indians and completely routed and drove back Braddock's regulars, which were saved from utter destruction by the Virginians, who covered the retreat. The same year witnessed the seizure of the French at Annapolis by the English of Nova Scotia, and the entire expatriation of 3,000, who were turned adrift along the coasts from Maine to Georgia.

In 1756 the King of France sent out to Canada, as the Lieutenant-General, Louis Joseph de St. Véran, Marquis de Montcalm, with command to hold the country to the last against the English. Although he never had more than 15,000 troops and Indians at any time under him and was frequently obliged to do with less than 5,000, yet, although opposed by armies of 50,000 veterans and militia of England and her Colonies, he maintained a firm front to the last. He captured Oswego in 1756, and established a fort at Ticonderoga which shut the English out from the Great Lakes. He overthrew the next year the important English fortress of William Henry. In 1758, owing to the stupidity of the English General, he arrested General Abercrombie at Carillon, who had 5,000 choice troops, and compelled him to retire beyond the waters of Lake Champlain. But in 1759 three English armies, from over the sea, united to regiments of provincials to Montreal and Quebec. Montcalm was killed in the battle of Quebec this year, and the next year the whole of Canada was conquered by the English, to whom it was ceded by the Treaty of Paris of 1763.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAAC.

* * *

Gareth and Lynette.

THE story of Gareth and Lynette has always appealed to me as one of the best of Tennyson's idylls; indeed, I know of few romances of modern literature which have given me so much pleasure from their perusal. Although not so strong nor full of tragic depth as many others, there is in it a sweetness, a soft, diffused light, such as falls from the playful touch of a master artist, and a truth to the common impulses of life, though exhibited amid chivalrous and romantic environments. The strong roughness of the great epic, with its wide extremes of passion, and Turnerian landscapes, with its adequate record of the deeds of heroes and of kings—such is lacking here. But we have, as it were, snatched from that early and dim age of chivalry, a simple, sweet little idyll (a title applied to it more correctly than to the others), which, drawing its sweetness from the centuries, still is thrilling with life-emotions that are ours. However untrue to its past in form and setting it may be, by the truth to the present in its portrayal of character—the central fact—we know that it is true for all time. Bright with the glitter of youth and fair as the Springtime itself, such a picture seems to claim from us a place as a memory rather than as an imagined thing.

For such a reason, because of its naturalness and brightness, we would claim for this first of the *Idylls* a place higher than the critics have yet been willing to grant it. Stedman finds fault with the persistent mannerisms which make it for him more self-conscious and therefore less true. With all deference to so careful a critic, should we not defend the art of the poet here, in part at least, as essential to the fullest and best treatment of the theme? An idyll with so simple a content as this—and we shall see later how simple it is—must rely on the working of the emotions and impulses of its characters for the central interest, and the action that clears the way must be rapid. As such, therefore, it approaches in all particulars the lyric of the ballad type, and any beauty

which may belong to the long-tried artifices of this class of poetry can fitly be introduced into its parallel. If, by the use of such art, the poem loses in depth and sweep and grandeur, if it does not move along with the Homeric freedom, nor lend itself to the ocean flow of a Milton, nevertheless it gains in the heart of beauty all those vague suggestions of the sweetness of a lyric touch, and can attain to a finer and more intricate perfection.

What, then, is the art of which we speak? Stedman mentions three things, the terseness of some lines, the apparent word-searching, and the alliterative effects in which we seem to catch a slight echo of Swinburne's style. It is true that there are places where the use of artifice appears too plainly and abruptly. The first mentioned is the most apparent fault, and in some places is quite glaring. The poem is not perfect, and the critic has pointed out the weakest spot, but the defects are particular, not general. Remembering the defence for light artistic usages in this lightsome idyll of the lyric stamp, let us glance over the whole story for things more important than such details.

In the first place, notice what perfect symmetry there is in it all. The question as to how far it is allegory and how far a mere legend is difficult to determine, because the story of our lives and the story of the quest are almost entirely coincident. Only in life, full and complete, can we find such a circle with so even and unbroken line. And yet because the tale is so adaptable to allegory, we find a tendency to strain the comparison and symbolism to the utmost.

The first division of the poem is nothing more than the setting forth of the underlying conditions, the background, one might call it, of the story. It is like the first scene in "Julius Caesar," a prelude which places us back in that olden time so as to be less self-conscious when the main story is taken up. This introduction, over which we cannot linger, lasts until Lynette arrives at Arthur's court. Now we have the beginning of the central theme. Still the dialogue is used to let the heroine give us her own character as she chatters away to, teases, and annoys her knight. Now comes the true "quest," and here is the finely wrought symmetry.

There are four knights opposing Gareth. These are stationed, three at the three loops of a winding river, the other before the besieged castle. The first is dressed as the "Morning Star," the second as the "Noonday Sun," the third as the "Evening Star." The stream at the place where the first is stationed is narrow but swift; where the second guards, it is wide and shallow; where the third is waiting, it is slow and dark. Lynette sings just one wild little love-carol at the overthrow of the first; her song is filled out to three full strains when the second falls; it sinks again to the simpler notes (suggestive of a certain reason) at the defeat of the third. Such parallels might be continued but it suffices to refer again to the songs. Interwoven with the simple tale we see a tracery which ornaments while scarcely seen, and lends grace to the symmetrical arch of the day sustaining the finished structure.

The conflict with "Death" is the *finale* or closing piece to it all. Through the different incidents the interest has been waylaid and hindered here and there, but, after all, there comes a climax at the last. How well wrought out is the fantastic horror of the final conflict! Such appearances would cause the boldest of our modern heroes to quake, and we can scarcely conceive of the terror to the superstitious knight who lived in the time of the magic of Merlin. But the greatest outward danger has the least actual strength, and from under the impending shadow of Death flashes the sunlight of freedom, happiness and love.

Again, in a general way, let us look at the various motives of the story. There is an intermingling of love, duty, modesty, and desire for glory because of the good that it signifies. Impulses of such a nature carry the hero along or accompany him throughout; and nowhere can a more equal division of these qualities be found than here. It is true that duty is the great thing in Gareth's mind, but the outward circumstances, Lynette's teasing, her love-songs, the beauty of the forest-world, these are given an extra importance by the poet's art, so as to counteract on the bare, hard life which is governed by stern duty alone. The love for glory also is as much a foundation for this duty as loyalty to the king, and so we have a perfect balance of motives, which makes the whole beautiful from whatever standpoint the

reader may look—a story of the advance of good and great qualities.

The poet aimed at picturing life in Arthur's time under allegorical and modern forms. In the same way as we have shown the first division of this poem to be an introduction to the story of the quest, this idyll is an introduction to the whole field of chivalric life, and so easy is the transition from the present to that far past that we must notice what plan has been employed to bring so fine an effect.

The first thing is the simplicity of the characters of the story. By dealing with heroes and heroines the motives for whose actions are those of our every-day life, we recognize a kinship more easily than if there had been the complex character of a Lancelot to consider at the first. The directness of action thus brought about makes us feel that connection of present with past which alone brings imagination's pictures into vivid reality. Though there may hang vague morning mists across the vale of Camelot, and tinge its airy towers with magic light, though the city may vanish and reappear like a mirage in the cloud, even though the king himself is the very type of the greatest, nay, all mystery in the universe, and the weird figure of old Merlin stalks unseen, yet felt, and often half revealed in shadowy outline behind all—yet, in such far, poetic and legendary surroundings our heroes and heroines are the simple men and women of to-day, and our interest in their separate individualities is only strengthened by all the strangeness of the time and situation.

Again, we cannot fail but notice the touches of local description, which, although a necessary part in all, are here more minute and of a clearer and more definite kind. There is more colour in the landscape. The season may be responsible for this in part, but a studied prominence is given it as well. The small things are all noticed, the bubbles on the tarn, the puzzled face of the baron who entertains the maiden and her kitchen-knave, the hooting of an owl, and the falling of a star. Contrast these things with the later idylls, where are complex motives, uncertain actions and wide landscapes. The concreteness of the story is impressed on the reader's mind by every possible means.

Though but an idyll of the blue May-time, filled with the light and sweetness of its season, "Gareth and Lynette" is a story that bears a deep unsolved meaning below the lightsome surface, for it deals with the mystery of Life. But it is not well for us to pause brooding idly by the loops of the winding stream. Mankind is wise if it takes the arching bridge with the impetuous force of Gareth. The healthful tendency of such teaching is not unneeded in these days.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

* * *

Bacteriology in its Relation to Disease.

"**G**OD never meant that man should scale the heavens by strides of human wisdom."

The other day when driving through a valley I noticed a new house a short distance from the roadside. It was very pretty and showed good taste in its design, and its immediate surroundings were well kept and in good order. In passing I glanced through the window, and observed that the opposite wall was covered with books. I thought what a strange place for an educated man to build a house, down in this valley, not a stone's throw from where my patient, suffering from malaria, lay, whom I was then about to visit. Yet this is the age of bacteriology. Could not he have learned from some book in his library that these little germs are very fond of taking up their abode in such a damp locality. If he had not the latest work on the subject, Bacon would have given him the necessary information. His advice on such matters was, in many respects, superior to that of our Modern School of Medicine. There is no denying the fact that we are hard at work with the microscope and recent means of investigation, but are we arriving at any certain and practical results? What has bacteriology so far taught us? It has taught us to avoid filth, and to keep out of the way of poisonous germs. Surely Bacon inculcated that doctrine three hundred years ago. Would he not have

told this man that he and his family would likely be ill in such a place? and that he had better move himself, his house, and his books to the top of the hill if he wanted to enjoy happiness and be free from disturbing elements? And because this philosopher did not know what these disturbing elements were, does that render his advice any the less valuable or practical?

The germs of diphtheria, discovered by two eminent men of to-day, have been unfortunately found in the throats of those suffering from other diseases, and also found in the throats of those suffering from no diseases at all. We are working, it is true, but to what end? The Roman roads which lie buried under the great city of London were superior to those that we are obliged to drive over in the city of Toronto to-day. No doubt there is more attention paid to sanitary matters now than heretofore because people have got tired of disease and premature deaths. It takes a good while to stir the world up to eradicate an evil, but when it does get thoroughly shaken it generally accomplishes something, or thinks it does. For how do we know but that the world is not a little too full, shall I say, of a certain element? At any rate, when cholera is epidemic, has it not been held, and proven, that war of a certain kind is a decided advantage to mankind. And why should not also some of these germ diseases be an advantage to weed out, as it were, an objectionable element. I know not how your pretty child, who may have been a victim of diphtheria, would have developed, or how he would have been able to fight the battle of life, if he had been spared. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Unfortunately for bacteriology, what is apparently proven to-day is disproven to-morrow. What a furor greeted Koch when he announced to the world that he had discovered the agent that would destroy tuberculous germs in the body. Even in this city the General Hospital was thronged with medical men to witness the death of the consumptive micro-organism when the first injections of tuberculin were made. But how ephemeral was the so called triumph—leading to nothing but vexation and disappointment. In this Province, not very long since, a large number of cases of sore throat, over one hundred, were witnessed by a practitioner. There was, in other words, an epidemic of throat disease in his neighbourhood. He, acting upon up-to-date custom, sent some of the excreta from the mouth of one of his patients to this city for examination. A report was sent back that the germs of diphtheria had been found in his specimen, whereupon it was immediately noised about that diphtheria was the disease. Yet this man's patients did not die; in fact, they all recovered. From ten to twenty should have died to keep matters straight in statistics. It is a grave error to place very much importance on bacteriological investigation, but men will always run with the crowd, and disperse as quickly, much to their credit, when the quarry takes to the ground. There appears to be at the present time, throughout the world, a certain eager watching for something to turn up; men are straining their eyes for something new, and fairly jump on things novel, even if they are microscopic and seen only by scientific eyes. A good war, such as that which would be waged for the liberation of the Christian subjects of the Sultan of Turkey, would probably remedy this state of affairs better than anything else, and bring out latent energy. It would not put a stop to the working of the microscope altogether, but it would create a different and more elevating kind of excitement, for truly it is a hard and enervating task to strain one's neck over a glass for eight or ten hours a day. Many men are permitting their physical strength to degenerate, while they are on the search for pathogenic germs, and might be better engaged in some more health-giving and soul-inspiring occupation. But they are in the rut, and it will take a considerable amount of force, either physical or moral, to get them out of it. It is undoubtedly a healthy condition of the body that bacteriologists are ostensibly striving after, but in doing this may they not overlook the maxim, "sana meus in sano cespore," by concentrating their energies too much in one direction, and allowing some greater evil to become rampant.

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly."

R. S. TYRRELL, M.D.

An Old Time Story.

The hush of night still lingered
In the rosy light of morn,
Scarce sound save rustling breezes
'Mong the silken tasseled corn ;—
Or skylark's soft, low twitter,
'Ere he fully waked to fling
Such showers of sweetest music,
That e'en saddened heart must sing.

The dew upon the grasses
Like the glint o' diamonds lay,
With pearls enriched the rushes
And bejewelled the blossomed spray.
Along the zig-zag fences
A squirrel, tireless, flew,
Scattering wild-rose petals,
That above the railings grew.

Shaking from its honeyed cells,
The perfumed breath of clover,
Flying with reluctant step,
From Rob, sweet Bessie's lover,
For up from daisied meadow,
Comes bold Robbin with the kine,
—Norene, the meek-eyed Brownie,
Brindled Rose, and Columbine.

Whistling a merry refrain,
Is there aught on earth so fair,
As Bess, my blue-eyed lassie
With her wealth of golden hair.
And from the distant farm-house
See sweet Bess, the milking maid,
Her kerchief knotting shyly.
Surely not of Rob afraid ?

But Rob, the brave, bold laddie,
With never a word to say,
Holding the cows for Bessie,
Stands looking the other way.
Till, "Let me carry the pail,"
He pleads with such gentle grace,
That "Ay, and for aye, I will,"
She cries with a smiling face.

The rosy light has vanished,
But high in heaven's own blue,
The skylark sings in sweeter strain
The old, old story ever new.

EMILY A. SYKES.

Toronto.

* * *

Cobden and His Work.

IT is our belief that idolatrous praise or intolerant abuse of prominent men, which is at once the strength and weakness of partisan newspapers, should be avoided. But whatever may be our opinions upon the questions which divide politicians to-day, we can mention with respect the name of Richard Cobden, and pay a timely tribute to his memory. This ought to be possible to men of all classes and schools because of the character of the man, and the abiding results of his work. Now it is possible, by the aid of Mr. John Morley's biography of the great politicians, and abundant materials from other sources, to form a clear view of the man, his work, and his influence. Those who, at the present day, would follow Cobden in every particular or even in the main outlines of his political creed are few indeed, but no one can question the great influence that he exerted, or deny that he laboured with unselfish zeal for the good of his country. On the highest and most important questions on political and social economy, good men may hold widely different opinions, but in a Christian country there ought to be a determined effort to save political life from mere professionalism, and to give honour to men who sincerely cherish noble sentiments and lofty ideals. Men like Cobden and Bright, who played the part of political agitators in some of the darkest days of the present century, may have been mistaken on many small points, and their views on some great questions may have been narrow and insular, but they certainly fought the battle of the poor, and at the same time tried to carry into the political strife a spirit of humanitarianism which was inspired by Christian faith.

To-day, while I am writing these notes, the fifty years are completed which have passed away since the Royal assent was given to the Bill for repealing the duties on corn.

The four men to whom the passage of that measure was mainly due were Peel, Villiers, Cobden and Bright. Of these the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers still remains, and will receive high honours in connection with the jubilee celebrations. These celebrations will form an interesting point in the life of the present year, and will call fresh attention to the Cobden Club and the principles for which it stands. The reissue of Mr. John Morley's Life of Cobden, by T. Fisher Unwin, to be ready on the 26th of June, may be regarded as appropriate in view of these proceedings. Many changes have taken place in the life of Great Britain during these fifty years; but there can be little doubt that much of the increased progress and activity has been due to the freedom of trade which was gained after such severe struggles. There were three things that Cobden worked for especially—the spread of education, the advancement of peace, and freedom of trade.

With regard to education, great advances have been made during the last thirty years, in bringing a common education within the reach of all, and in freeing higher education from ecclesiastical tests. The great battle that is now being fought with such heat and fury is the effort of privilege and sacerdotalism to make the Board schools an ally of the Established Church. The days are dark, but the friends of freedom will not despair.

In the matter of peace and war, there have been many disappointments since Cobden's days; in recent years we have seen some of the most terrible wars that have ever disgraced our Christian civilization. We honour the men who have striven for peace, even though we may think that the measures they proposed would, in some cases, have defeated the ends for which they worked. When men of Cobden's school advocated arbitration, and tried to promote a friendly spirit among nations they did well, but when they tried to shake off the world-wide responsibilities of the British Empire, they formed a policy that could only lead to shame and misery. Whatever need there may be for denouncing reckless adventures and selfish wars, we cannot for one moment think that the peace of the world would be promoted by the surrender of the colonies and the abandonment of India. This need not now be discussed at length, as the "Little England" party, if there is one, is small and powerless. The longing for a true "Imperial policy" of some kind has carried all the politicians away from Cobden's standpoint in this particular. The social reforms of the day have made the "radical individualism" of the Manchester School largely a thing of the past.

But the greatest thing in Cobden's programme was "Free trade," which in spite of the reactions in France, Germany, and elsewhere, and notwithstanding cries of "fair trade" and "preferential trade," seems to stand as strongly as ever in meeting the needs of the great body of the English people. I would not attempt, in these columns, to discuss this question of free trade from a political standpoint. The advocates of free trade looked upon their movement as humanitarian and philanthropic in the truest sense. Cobden said, "It appears to me that we can treat this subject in a moral and even a religious spirit; if we agitate this question in the same way as that of slavery it will be irresistible." There can be no doubt that this was genuine feeling with regard to the tax on the people's bread. Of course, any effort to exploit religious feeling or humane sentiment for the benefit of a party is a contemptible business. But it is a splendid thing for a man who is fighting selfish interests to feel that it is a question of right and wrong, and that God and justice is on the side of the poor and oppressed.

We who live in a country of sparse population and rich resources can scarcely form any conception of the state of England fifty years ago, when in a time of great distress (1841) Lord Radnor told the House of Lords that "every animal that walked the earth, nay, every fish which swam, and every bird that was fit for food must be taxed lest it should come in cheap for our starving population." When the people are really starving and cry aloud for bread, then those who think only of their rents are compelled to listen lest a worst thing happen to them. It may be true that many who followed Peel into the lobby were but half convinced, and Disraeli's taunt may have been deserved when he likened them to the ancient Saxons, and said that they "were converted in battalions and baptized in platoons. It was utterly impossible to bring those individuals from a state of reprobation to a state of grace sufficiently quick." Without

pausing to measure the amount of truth in this bitter sarcasm we say confidently that men like Villiers, Cobden and Bright, who led the movement, and made repeal possible, were fired with a holy enthusiasm for the welfare of the struggling workers who were crushed down by burdens too heavy to be borne. The spirit of the great evangelical movement which inspired men to battle for the freedom of the slave was also in this great cry for cheap bread. The church as such should have nothing to do with the intrigues of party, but she cannot be indifferent to the struggles of mankind for life and liberty. Many questions of trade may be purely questions of expediency; but surely the great struggle which fifty years ago reached its triumphant conclusion, was one in which the principles of humanity and religion were deeply involved. At least such was the feeling of Cobden. A recent French writer says, "Cobden was an apostle; he lifted all human interests into a kind of loftier sphere where they ceased to be mere matters of expediency and true united to eternal principles." Most people now admit that free trade in corn, at least, was for England an absolute necessity; while some might suffer loss, the general good of the people demanded it; but whatever our views may be even upon a question so simple as that, we ought to be thankful for such men as Cobden. The onward movement of a nation is not due to any one man or party, but is the resultant of a great variety of forces; therefore we do not wish to crave undue honour for any one class of politicians, but those who from reading tradition or personal experience know anything about the life of England "then and now" will gladly give honour to the memory of those men who fought that the people might have bread, and who, according to the best light they had, sought to bring the nations of the earth nearer to each other in friendship and good will. May God multiply everywhere the number of men who are in politics, not merely for gain but for some great purpose which will bear the searching light of history fifty years from now.

W. G. JORDAN.

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Monograph as to the Union of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Territories and British Columbia to Canada.

(Continued from *The Week* 24th July, 1896.)

CHAPTER IV.

DILEMMA OF THE GOVERNMENT.

ON report of the trouble—now matter of public record—the Government of Canada seemed surprised and at a loss what to do. For days no action on their part in the matter was announced. On the 23rd November the Governor-General (Sir John Young) telegraphed to Lord Granville, Colonial Secretary, thus: "Mr. McDougall, designated Lieutenant-Governor of North-West Territory, after transfer is stopped on the way to Fort Garry by a small armed force of insurgent half-breeds. The Hudson's Bay Company, in whom government still rests, are seemingly powerless and inactive. Half-breeds have appointed Provisional Government: John Bruce, President. Governor McTavish very ill, said to be dying."

Note.—There had been no "transfer," and this is admitted in the next telegram from same to same, as follows:

"OTTAWA, November 27th, 1869.

"Your telegram received and considered by Privy Council. On surrender by Company to Queen, the government of Company ceases. The responsibility of administration of affairs will then rest on Imperial Government. Canada cannot accept transfer unless quiet possession can be given. Anarchy will follow. Rebels have taken possession of Fort Garry, and it is said are using the stores of Company. A changed feeling is hoped for, and till then the governing power should remain with present authorities. My advisers think proclamation should be postponed. Mr. McDougall will remain near frontier, waiting favourable opportunity for peaceable ingress. Parties having influence with Indians and half-breeds are proceeding to join McDougall."

The italicization is my own.

Then followed the Colonial Secretary's answer, thus:

"DOWNING STREET, 30th November, 1869.

"SIR,—I have received with much regret your telegraphs of the 22nd and 27th instant, informing me that disturbances have occurred in the Red River Settlement, and that Canada cannot accept the transfer of the Territories hitherto occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company, unless quiet possession can be given."

Then follows a statement, at some length, by him, from his point of view, of the steps from the 11th November, 1864, between the two Governments leading up to the (then) present, concluding with an acquiescence to a postponement of the "transfer" in question until peace and order should be restored, and offering the assistance of Her Majesty's Government to the Dominion Government to that end.

All the above is to be found in sessional papers, Canada, 1870, No. 12.

Pending this, a cry was raised in Ontario, especially in its western parts, to send in a military force to take possession.

Though aware of the futility of any such effort at that time of year, the writer, strongly impressed of the danger of delay to the Settlement as well as to other interests concerned, and anxious as to his kith and kin there living in all loyalty, besides having personally and financially considerable proprietary interests there, took it upon himself as a matter of duty, public and private, to address himself to the Dominion Government on the subject by way of assistance for peace and order.

This he did by formal memorial to the Government, setting forth facts and considerations for conciliatory rather than punitive measures; and emphatically warning that any attempt at enforcement at that juncture would be fatal not only to Canadian but to British interests generally in North America. At the same time, privately, I wrote to my friend Hon. Alexander Morris, then in the Ministry, a prominent promoter of annexation of our North-West to Canada, and at the same time offering to give the Government such information *ad hoc* as might be of service to it in the difficulty. He immediately responded cordially.

CONFERENCE.

Mr. Morris—from old study and prelection on the subject—was pre-eminently the best Minister of State, whom to approach in the matter, though at the same time it seemed strange to me that he—if really he were—should be party to the McDougall fiasco. However, laying aside all distrust, I laid open the whole case to him, explaining fully the difficulty between the two sections of the Hudson's Bay Company, viz., the "stock" (so called) and the trade. This seemed new to him; and (though he evidently grasped it) he asked me if I had any objections to state and explain to the Minister then specially charged with the matter, namely, the Hon. Mr. Howe, then (I think) Secretary of State, for there was no "Minister of the Interior" then.

Consenting, I was conducted to his office, and introduced to him with a brief introductory explanation from Mr. Morris. Evidently Mr. Howe did not know me, and possibly, in some way, associated me with those "terrible half-breed rebels of the north," for before offering the courtesy of a chair, while Mr. Morris—gentleness itself—had not well yet got through with his introduction, he, brusquely, but not rudely, put the question: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. MacLeod, that if I buy a house I am to be met at the door with a blunderbuss, when I go to take possession?"

Answer. "Well, perhaps so. If—as in the present case—you bought from the *wrong* man; and the *right* one was in actual possession."

Taken aback somewhat, and glancing questioningly at Mr. Morris, Mr. M., in his quiet, mild way, smoothes off the little abruptness, and the stranger was politely requested to be seated; while Mr. Morris retired. For several hours that day and next I had his ear, evidently believing all; for I produced abundant documentary proof which I placed in his hands for his perusal, and, if required, for that by the Council.

That done, I advised and urged earnestly a policy of conciliation to the disaffected—men as I observed—only defending their homes, property, and rights honourably acquired, and desiring the continued ægis of British government.

That was at once done; the Government deputing a Roman Catholic priest; a French-Canadian gentleman of high historic name; and a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Smith (now Sir Donald Smith), from Montreal, on the mission. The terrible winter journey was accomplished—the priest and the French-Canadian gentleman arriving (so reported) without their credentials, and therefore unheeded, while Mr. Smith, more fortunate in this regard, had, alone, to stand the brunt of the occasion. What he had to contend with, and what he succeeded in effecting in the task, is matter of record and history. Practically it, in its wisdom and pivotal import, saved—I consider—the country to the British flag. How that was, and is being done—for the logical sequence is still in course—is too long a story for present writing.

MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST.

Pending transference, proceedings at the instance of Mr. Smith were taken for a declaration of rights by the disaffected. That done, a delegation of three from a general assembly of the people of the Settlement was forthwith sent to lay their case before the Government in Ottawa.

There, thereon, a Bill of Constitution for creation of a province under the name Manitoba, with temporary provisions for the administration of government in contiguous territories, was drafted by Council, submitted to Parliament, and passed, with little or no material alteration, in March, 1870—four months before transference.

This Act, intituled "An Act for the temporary government of Rupert's Land and the North-Western Territory when united with Canada," and an "Act to amend and continue the Act thirty-two-and thirty-three Victoria, chapter three, and to establish and provide for the Government of the Province of Manitoba," were confirmed by "The British North America (Imperial) Act, 1871." (Imp. Stat., 34 and 35 Vic., Chap. 28; assented to 29th June, 1871.) The confirmation, by Section 5, was in the following terms: "Shall be" (referring to the above cited Dominion Act), "and be valid and effectual for all the purposes whatsoever from the date at which they respectively received the assent, in the Queen's name, of the Governor-General of the said Dominion of Canada."

Thus they became, in effect, *Imperial* Acts, for, certainly, they did not come within the British North America Act, 1867, nor any other Imperial Act amending the same or supplementing it. Thus, also, the Constitution of Manitoba being of special Imperial enactment, *beyond* the provisions of the B.N.A. Act, 1867 in its Section 146, or otherwise in it, for the "admission" or annexation of such territory to the Dominion, is *essentially Imperial*.

And here a question suggests itself to the writer, viz., Whether it, in any respect, public education or other—besides alteration of *limits* as specially allowed by Section 3 of the said Imperial Act—can, legally and constitutionally, be touched or affected in any way by *Dominion* legislation? On this point Section 6 of said Imperial Act is specifically *prohibitive*; and the judgment or judicially declared opinion *ad rem* of the Supreme Court of the Dominion, and also, even more fully and positively, the judgment of the Privy Council in the Barret and Logan cases, bear out—I humbly submit—this interpretation.

As to any "obscurity" in the terms of the Manitoba Constitution, Section 22, or elsewhere in it, as to education, the writer has to say that he has, personally, occasion to know just exactly what was meant by it. In the framing of that constitution there was—from parties and grounds needless to state here—much contention and attrition before the Council. For information in the task, the Hon. Mr. Alexander Morris—to whom more especially the majority of the Council (from his special knowledge and dealing with North-West matters) seemed to have left the task of finally drafting—asked me to aid him. I consented, and for that waited on him at his office, and even, latterly, at Council Chamber (outside) in the work. On several points he consulted me. In that way I came to know the drift of the discussions and what really was decided on. The Act as it came from Council is before the world in statute book. It speaks for itself. On this subject the writer could say much to meet public enquiry, but has no desire to obtrude himself.

UNION WITH BRITISH COLUMBIA.

This, for proper treatment, would require more

extended remark than can well be here given. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a very bare statement of facts on the subject.

In 1871, soon after the passage of the Imperial Act confirming the annexation of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories, British Columbia, by its then Surveyor-General, Mr. Trutch, as its delegate, approached the Dominion Government with its persistent insistence of the "Atlantic and Pacific Transit Scheme"—hereinbefore referred to. There was no idea then of a *railway* for the purpose, on the part of the Columbians. Since first moving in the matter they had accomplished the arduous and very costly work of an effective waggon and stage road from the head of sea navigation in the Fraser to the Cariboo Mines, and then contemplated a continuance of such route to the eastern end of the Yellow Head Pass of the Rocky Mountains, by stern wheel steamers on the Fraser to the western end of the Pass—Pass level and easy enough for ordinary roadway—and from which point—say Jasper House—to Fort Garry, Red River, was, with comparatively little improvement, easy way for transit, and, with it, a telegraph line. Meeting with ready acceptance, a proposition—from whom personally emanating I cannot say—of substituting a *railway*—all through—was made. It was at once agreed to; and, after a little delay in the necessary formalities of reference to principals in the matter, was, on 20th July, 1871, concluded on certain terms of union, the eleventh clause of which was as follows:

"Clause 11. The Government of the Dominion undertake to secure the commencement, simultaneously, within two years from the date of union, of the construction of a railway from the Pacific towards the Rocky Mountains, and from such point as may be selected east of the Rocky Mountains towards the Pacific, to connect the seaboard of British Columbia with the railway system of Canada; and, further, to secure the completion of such railway within ten years from the date of the Union."

At this particular time there was not, nor had there ever been in Canada or elsewhere, any *practical* suggestion for such a work, except what came from myself in the public press and in pamphlet, partly under the *nom de plume* "Britannicus," and also over my own name, defining, in utmost detail as to physical features in the way, from Montreal to the Pacific, through the Yellow Head, and Peace River Passes of the Rocky Mountains, with alternate routes from both to the only points on the Pacific coast available for harborage and terminus. The principal difficulty in the way was the "Sea of Mountains" in British Columbia, unexplored and unknown to official or other record. From sojourn for years in early life in those regions, the constant companion of my father, John McLeod, senior, Chief Trader, then, of the Hudson's Bay Company—the "Veteran Fur Trader," as Bancroft, in his "History of British Columbia," calls him—delegated specially to the terrible task—before then tried in vain—of establishing a trade way from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, I had, from his journals, reports, and hand maps made in field, such evidence and personal knowledge of feasible trade routes there as was not to be found elsewhere.

Therefore it was that, avoiding all the delay and cost of exploration of such a country—similar to what cost ten years of such work and many millions to the United States before they could begin to survey for railway across their Pacific slope—Mr. Fleming (Sandford), engineer-in-chief, charged with the work, was able within nine months, on 2nd April, 1872—after sufficient survey, to report a feasible and even favourable pass for railway across the mountains to the Pacific, even in face of the Palliser report to the contrary. Thus, at last was solved the problem of a "North-West Passage to the Great South Sea," wholly on British soil.

Thereon, on 14th June, 1872, the Dominion Parliament passed the Act projecting the scheme—the Canadian Pacific Railway of to-day.

On this head the writer would offer the testimony of Mr. Fleming, as given by him on my petition to the Government of Canada, years after, for some indemnity for my outlay and personal labour and loss in the work, which continued single handed, in the press—as alone (so the editor said) possessed of the facts. On this head I desire to say little as possible, but in explanation have to report, that throughout the cardinal points of my writings in leading newspaper press and pamphlets (half-a-dozen aggre-

gating about four hundred pages, with uniquely valuable mapping), was to show that in British America, *beyond* the "Fertile Belt" (delusively so called) of our North and West there is an economic area rich exceedingly—continuous throughout to Pacific and Arctic—of, at least, one million and a half square miles; and that beyond, in immediate contiguity, was the "Great South Sea"—Pacific, North and South—with its boundless wealth for commerce—all, both lands and seas—available for transcontinental railway. The work was one of years of collation on the theme. In it I gave my estimates of distances, heights, physical features, probable cost, volume of trade from old and modern statistics, and financial means exclusive of land grant—which I strongly opposed as spoliatory of national domain—all with such authoritative references as to satisfy not only the most eminent, cautious, and critical men in such lines of enterprise, but even capitalists in England, Europe and America. On this point I hold abounding documentary evidence; and, moreover, can point to all public record in this relation, in utmost confirmation, since I so gave my predicates to the world on this subject. These, most largely and beneficially to many (but not to myself, be it understood) have been utilized by the leading world of capital and national policies; and in the contemplation of that good is, *per se*, some guarantee. But—to close:

CERTIFICATES.

Appended to petition now, *still*, before the Government of Canada, endorsed by eminent members of Parliament, for some indemnification for the service in question.

SANDFORD FLEMING, C.E., C.M.G., ETC.

OTTAWA, 12th March, 1883.

"Malcolm MacLeod, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—In responding to your request, I have much pleasure in stating that I have appreciated very highly your zeal in years gone by in bringing under the notice of the public the North-West of Canada.

"When first charged with the surveys of the Canadian Pacific Railway it was my duty to seek for information in every quarter where it might be available.

"Having read letters in the public papers written from time to time by you on the subject, I was led to make your acquaintance, and I obtained from you information respecting the physical features of the country on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, which I considered of special value and perfectly reliable.

"When I started in 1872 to make a journey overland, you were good enough to place in my hands advanced sheets of your pamphlet, "Peace River," which I read on my way across the plains with deep interest. It was this pamphlet which suggested to me the idea of gaining additional information respecting the Peace River country, and I felt it in the public interest that an examination of it should be made without delay. I accordingly detached Professor Macoun and Mr. Horetsky from other duties, and instructed them at Edmonton to proceed to Peace River and thence across to the Pacific coast. The results are given in my Pacific Railway reports, to which I may refer. *But for you*, I may say, it is just possible that we might have known very little about the Peace River region at the present day—and although the region may not be opened up by railways for some time it certainly weighed very heavily in the scales when the question of route of the Pacific Railway was under consideration a few years ago.

"Your views with respect to the productiveness of the North-West have been more than confirmed by recent examinations. Few men were to be found in Canada who wrote so enthusiastically about the country before and after the union with British Columbia. *I feel that the public is deeply in your debt*, and I would be glad to see the debt diminished in some way.

"I am aware that your writings have been read on both sides of the Atlantic. I have had occasion to learn from letters received from England that you have contributed to the advancement of Canada, and especially the North-West region, in the Mother Country.

"If you consider any further testimony of mine with respect to the public services you have rendered, of any value, I shall consider it a simple act of justice to you to furnish it.

"Yours, very truly,
"SANDFORD FLEMING."

SUPPLEMENTAL CERTIFICATE FROM SAME.

"OTTAWA, 26th March, 1889.

"Malcolm MacLeod, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In asking me to place a value on your services in connection with the North-West and the projection and establishment of the Pacific Railway, I am given a task which no human being can perform.

"Your devotion and earnestness and enthusiasm for years and years in the great national cause has seemed to me *above price*. The Government cannot compensate you for your services—the best they can do is to recognize them in some manner most agreeable to you. In doing this I am sure the public would approve the act. I quite agree with Mr. Abbott "that if rewards (*id est*, as to North-West and C.P.R.) go to them who have earned them, you should be the first to receive them."

"Always sincerely,
"SANDFORD FLEMING."

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS,

First actual Governor of British Columbia, after over fifty years of life there, in the Hudson's Bay Company's service and that of the Crown, as Governor of the Colony, in a letter to the writer, of date "Victoria, 3rd April, 1873," in acknowledgment of a copy of his book, "Peace River," which largely describes British Columbia, and gives the story of its possession and development by the Hudson's Bay Company, especially during the writer's father's administration there, he, as to the services in question, writes thus:

"Your notes and tables of distances must have been of immense service to Mr. Fleming in preparing his last annual report, which, before I received your letter showing how he acquired the information, greatly surprised me by its fulness of detail and evident familiarity with the leading physical features of the country, as well as the breadth and vigour with which it grappled and dealt with the whole subject of the overland route.

"I must certainly add my testimony to that of Mr. Fleming" [N.B.—Mr. Fleming saw him in 1872—was his guest] "and of many other friends and supporters of the grand Canadian enterprise, as to the *extreme importance of your literary contributions in promoting the work*. I retain a lively recollection of your worthy father.

"Yours, very sincerely,
"JAMES DOUGLAS."

MALCOLM MACLEOD.

[FINIS.]

In the Summer Sky.

The clouds come over the hill,
Out on the great wide sky,
Like stately ships at the tide-wind's will
They sail in grandeur by.

It is a time of peace,
For were it not, I trow,
Those high-built galleons would release
The storm guns on their bow.

But stately, calm and slow,
Across the vault they turn,
And the streaming banners far out-flow
Adown each gilded stern.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Parisian Affairs.

A WRINKLE for cooks and housekeepers. M. Parville, the well-known scientist, cooks every day his *dejeuner*, a beefsteak, by the solar heat. In his garden, by means of polished nickel reflectors, he gathers the sun's rays, and focusses them on a small silver pan where the steak lies. In twenty minutes the meat is done to a turn. The solar heat caught is of 118 deg.; in the shade the temperature is 86 deg. The temperature of the Catacombs is 50, and on the Eiffel Tower 53 degrees. Is it any wonder, then, that the journals state the suicides are too numerous to mention, and only record those of an eccentric nature. No first-class

railway passengers have been arrested for travelling naked—as yet—nor have any citizens appeared in the streets in bathing tights. Except the “knickers,” cyclists of both sexes try to rid themselves of as many upper garments as possible. As the Parliament was becoming excitable and deaf to the President's bell, and to his glances towards his hat, the Cabinet decided to close the session, which has been on and off at work for nine months—a vacation parturition was then only natural. It prevents, too, all change of Ministry till October next. In the interim the country promises to be kept lively by an agitation for the immediate dissolution of the Chamber. Parties are so balanced that no effective work can be accomplished; all debates, in any case, lose their sweetness in the desert air, as the public displays no interest in them at all.

The condition of Madagascar continues to become worse; the Government swears all is for the best in the best Madagascar words. But private letters and independent press correspondence tell a different story, and the massacres and pillages show that order does not reign yet in Warsaw. The French are only secure so far as their rifles carry. So the Malagasy do not appear desirous of being civilized—against their will. A French expedition is openly talked of. The last, that cost the French army proper 5,000 lives, and the Algerian contingent, Arabs, 2,000, before even they caught sight of an enemy. When the latter became visible, the natives imitated the American coon's appeal to the sporting colonel: “Don't fire, I'll come down!” The insurrection is spreading all through Iremina. It is said to be limited to the “Faharolos.” Unfortunately all the natives belong to that mass of discontented who sack and slay, without distinction, the Europeans, irrespective, too, of creed or nationality. The natives only gave up a portion of their arms, and the militia, formed from native volunteers, bolt with arms and baggage after being enrolled. The French concluded they had only to appear and Madagascar became a paradise. They have now to cope with their Matabele and Mashonas, and so they cease to be pleased at the misfortunes of others. The few people that had pitched their tents on the island are bolting to escape being massacred like so many others. Only the regular army can restore, or rather compel, order. That means an expedition and an enormous outlay. Further, if the island is to serve any useful purpose, railways must be constructed and harbors built. But where find the millions for such public works? The isle promises to be a millstone round the neck of France. The “take” is extremely unpopular, and will be rendered more so by having to conquer it. A journal quietly observes that the latter ought to have preceded the annexation of the island.

The energetic action of England insisting upon all the six Powers running in harness to fix up Crete, has had a most salutary effect so far. It is said that the British Ambassador had a straight and tall talk with the Sultan, to the effect that did he negotiate separately with any power or powers to convert them into guardians of the isle, the British fleet would at once take up position. The ambassador is reported to have also reminded the “Shadow” that England did not want Cyprus, that she was ready to quit when Russia fulfilled her part of the Beaconsfield Bond, to hand over Kars and Batoum to the Porte. England would have no objection to Crete and Cyprus being made a Greek “protectorate,” and that known leaning disconcerts Russian schemes.

The return of Italy to a more “forwards” policy, indicates that some diplomatic plots were hatching. However, as the Anglo-Italian fleets are on the *qui vive*, no surprises are to be expected. A jack-in-the-box mine will be met by a jack-in-the-box of greater counter mine. The French are committing again the blunder of disparaging the Italians because they desire to expand, to grow bigger. All nations now large were at one time small; they augmented by war, theft, and craft, at the expense of weaker neighbours, and often at the expense of each other. Why deprecate in Italians what her rivals have practised? Despite her trials, Italy has a future before her. Her people emigrate, are not afraid to have families; are hard-working and thrifty. France ought to have forgiven much to not place Italy on the side of the Triple Alliance—and its accessories.

The vast strides that England is making in commercial prosperity, deepens the jealousy of a few nations. The royalist organ, the *Soleil*, the Orleanist family's sheet, actually

hints that the time has arrived to cut the wings of that pre-eminence. It is the epoch *collectiveisme*, so the proposition is not behind the age. Coveting your neighbour's goods existed even before the creation of the Decalogue. The English have had plenty of proofs of the necessity of meeting that spirit. She has but to arm up, Zollvereinize her colonies, and be free to select the ally that will best suit her interest—what all allies seek. Her colonies can ship her all the food necessaries she may need; she can in return supply all manufacturing colonial wants—so the money will be kept in the family. It is the positive dread of that policy succeeding, which increases the envy, hatred, malice, and all unrighteousness against the “tight little island,” that in trade concedes to all nations all the privileges she herself enjoys.

Since the Germans have announced on authority that Li-Hoang-Tchang, has not been accredited to negotiate commercial treaties, or give orders for ships, cannon, small arms, rails, and locomotives, the bloom is not a little taken off his mission; he is a commercial traveller, of a very big firm—possessing plenty of raw material, but short of money, who is taking stock of the various sources of Western nations. He is now doing France, and will see the French enjoying their National Holiday, their *fête*, also, of Lanterns. He can estimate too, the value of the Russian alliance by the display of Muscovite flags. Only he must not be too anxious to know why some streets are full of flags, and others, in the rich quarters, show none. He would do well to remember that the far Eastern question has radically changed since Russia bamboozled Germany to join the Franco-Russian alliance, and clip the wings of Japanese triumphs. All that scheming has been seen through; it has photographed itself; it has compelled England to get to her feet, to gird up her loins, and has left no uncertainty as to her resolve to back the gallant Japs when Russia crosses the Rubicon. In any case impartial judges admit that in the end China will fall into line with England and America, in the execution of material wants for the development of China. The Government has retained the entire first story of the Grand Hotel looking upon the Boulevards for the ambassador and his *suite*; His Excellency will be received on the same plan of attentions as was Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Exempting a specially big mahogany bedstead, no change has been made in the upholstery of the Grand Hotel; more shrubs and flowers, and the removal of every Chinese decoration for fear it might pain his taste—nothing Brummagem for a true Celestial. The French Government will pay the little bill, so Li H. Tchang and his 35 co-travellers need not be anxious about the *Quart d'heure de Rabelais*. The only privacy the ambassador insists on, is to have his own menu prepared in an extemporized native kitchen. He will be dined and wined; will occupy a chair at the Review, and will visit Toulon and a firearms factory. This will occupy him ten days; then the British fleet of 120 ships will welcome him with a broadside. Dru-mont says the Chinese diplomats abroad put the finger in the eye of Western statesmen, while the Celestials at home assassinate all Christians to expedite them to Paradise.

There is nothing specially in evidence to mark the present from any previous “Fourteenth of July.” Beyond doubt, more new bunting has been invested in, to replace that discoloured by use. But there is not any addition to the grand total. The Russian flags are as they were. Since England is on the side of the Triple Alliance, the enthusiasm for the Franco-Russian unity has fallen a few points. The true test for a flag fervour is, the banners hung out from the outer walls of private residences. There there is no falling off, because the corresponding commencement was absent. The provincials mustered strong, but not many foreigners. The exodus of the Parisians to escape the hurly-burly was very great. That leaves more room for visitors. But it is odd, not the less, these counter currents of excursion trains. They are not the illuminations, mostly official that attract, nor the street dances organized by publicans, but the review of the army of Paris—under difficulties during Sengalian temperature. The French do sincerely take pride in their soldiers, and the latter have shown they are worthy of that attention. The review is only a big parade and a march past. But it delights and fascinates, and to make the multitude happy for a day is an end worth attaining.

The bicycling world have well reason to be satisfied with

their *Grand Prix* in the Bois de Vincennes, where the Municipal Council has made a model "Drome." President Faure stamped the meet with his presence, and the gate money amounted to 40,000 francs, all for the poor. Only in one race a distance of ten inches separated the winners; in the other not the width of a tire. It was a splendid display of skill.

Z.

Paris, July 16th.

* * *

Through Long Years.

Through all the nights and days,
And the long swing and roll of years,
Along the world's untrodden ways
Thou art the same, O Sea.

The same thy nether deeps,
But changeful is thy mighty flood,
Whereon the aged North-wind sleeps,
Where Zephyr dreams of love.

Resplendent in the sun
And all thy face agleam with gold,
Or when in fire thy ripples run
Toward the Sunset-land,

Ever my gaze is bent
From some lone crag along the shore,
Most pleased when from her cloudy tent
Queen Dian kisses thee.

Forgot the storms of yore,
The swelling, roaring, gales of Time,
While heaven shows a jewelled floor
Upon thy proud expanse.

Thus under varying skies
We must reflect a will supreme,
While deep within the soul there lies
A constancy of calm.

Victoria College

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

SIR,—I read THE WEEK, as it comes to hand by each mail, with great interest, and am glad to see that the principal literary journal in Canada is devoting so much attention, and so much space, to the question of the Commercial Federation of the Empire. In your issue of June 19th you refer to your "request to correspondents," and in the course of the article signed "J. Van Sommer," the following paragraphs appear:—

"The two principal essays on which THE WEEK invites an opinion are very well analyzed in the issue of the 29th May, p. 634, and to which we refer our readers, and so do not repeat them here further than to say that Mr. J. G. Colmer's suggestions were:—

"1. That an import duty of 3% *ad valorem* should be placed on certain articles (specified) received from foreign countries in the ports of Great Britain, thus giving a preference to similar articles from the Colonies.

"2. A contribution by the Colonies of 2% from their revenues to an Imperial Defence Fund.

"3. The creation of a Colonial Council appointed by the Crown and the Governors-General of the Colonies for consultative purposes and to administer the Defence Fund."

These explanations of my "suggestions" do not altogether commend themselves to me. As a matter of fact, I did not suggest an *ad valorem* duty. What I suggested was certain specific duties, on a limited number of articles received from foreign countries, similar articles from the Colonies to remain free of duty. The specific duties would be equivalent to about 3 per cent. *ad valorem*, except in the case of wheat and flour, when they would be nearer 5 per cent. I also proposed reductions in the existing duties on tea, coffee and cocoa, coming from the Colonies, and upon tobacco.

The Colonies would naturally have to give, in return, some equivalent preferential treatment to im-

ports from the United Kingdom. The fiscal systems in force in the Colonies are, however, so varied, and their foreign trade so different in extent, that no one plan can be suggested to apply to them all. Therefore, my opinion was, and is, that the better course would be for the Government of the United Kingdom to take the initiative, inform the various Colonies what rearrangement of the existing tariff it might be prepared to recommend to Parliament in favour of Colonial products, and enquire what concessions each Colony would be prepared to give to British products as a *quid pro quo*. Any concessions should apply to trade between the Colonies and the United Kingdom and to that between the Colonies themselves. A scheme of that kind would not interfere with the freedom of the Colonies to arrange their own tariffs to suit their own requirements. Of course, the proposed preferential treatment in the Colonies would have to be satisfactory to the Mother Country, just in the same way as the proposals of the United Kingdom would have to be satisfactory to the Colonies, and any agreement would naturally be subject to alteration from time to time. Such an interchange of correspondence would pave the way for another Imperial conference, when the matter could be discussed, and, I think, disposed of.

My suggestions entailed a net increase in revenue in the United Kingdom of about £700,000 per annum. If a general agreement to that effect was arrived at, a contribution of that extent from the United Kingdom, and one from the Colonies of equal extent, would make a fund available for Imperial defence in the manner suggested in my essay. The difficulty I felt, however, was in the apportionment of such a contribution among the different Colonies, and I came to the conclusion that it could be effected in the most satisfactory way by taking the revenue, after making certain deductions, as the basis for arriving at an equitable division. One of the tables attached to my paper indicates that an amount equal to 2 per cent. on the Colonial revenues after making certain deductions, and 1 per cent. on the revenue of India, would realize the sum of £700,000. What I wished to suggest was that such a sum might be raised by the Colonies and India, as the result of the preferential trade arrangements, or otherwise, as they might decide, to be devoted to a permanent fund for Imperial defence, if the Colonies and the United Kingdom so agreed.

The definition of the "Colonial Council" is somewhat meagre, from exigencies of space no doubt; but still I will only express the hope that your readers will take Mr. Van Sommer's advice, and read my essay itself before giving their views on my suggestions.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. COLMER.

29 Eldon Road, London, W., 9th July, 1896.

* * *

Art Notes.

AMONG the earlier Italian works in the National Gallery few are more interesting than a certain composite altar-piece, vaguely described in the official catalogue as of the "School of Taddeo Gaddi," and representing in its central panel the familiar subject of the Baptism of Christ in Jordan. The treatment, of course, is somewhat hard and dry, as one might expect from its age; and the figures have that early angularity which moves the uncouth mirth of uncultured visitors; but as a moment in the development of the theme which it enshrines it seems to me a precious relic in the evolution of the art of painting. The centre of the foreground is occupied by a small and very symbolical Jordan—a Jordan reduced, as it were, to its simplest and most beggarly elements. There is only just enough of it, in fact, to enable us to say, as the children write across their first rude attempts, "This is a river." Such purely symbolical Jordans, like symbolical temples and symbolical cities, were common in the earlier ages of art; and, what is odder still, they survived from the days of Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi, almost down to the days of Raphael and Michael Angelo. You can see another admirable example of very late date in the charming and sympathetic Piero della Fran-

cesca of the same subject, also in the National Gallery, about which, as melodramatists put it, "more anon." The right side of the picture—I speak here and always from the spectator's point of view—is occupied by a most rugged and realistic St. John Baptist, clothed in a long garment of camel's hair, which, however, the artist has generously concealed during part of its length by a flowing robe of more luxurious woven fabric. The middle of the panel is filled by the constrained figure of the Saviour, girt with a small loincloth, and standing up to His knees in the symbolical river. On the right bank kneel two angels with towels, their faces intensely round and Giottesque, and their haloes displaying the usual frank solidity of the period. Two beetling crags, with extremely symmetrical trees, eke out the composition; above, the lightly sketched figure of the Eternal Father discharges a dove, representing the Holy Spirit, on the head of the Son with whom He is well pleased. Now this arrangement of the subject is conventional and formal, and it recurs again and again in the treatment of the Baptism from the earliest ages. As a rule, one finds on the extreme right of the picture the form of the Baptist; in the centre stands the Saviour, almost nude, in the symbolical river; and on the left we have one, two or three angels holding a towel, according to the taste and fancy of the painter. Occasionally, it is true, especially in very early works, the sides are reversed, the Baptist occupying the left and the angels the right; but in the vast majority of Baptisms, during the great developmental age of Italian art (from Giotto to Raphael) the disposition is the same as in the "Altar-piece of the School of Taddeo Gaddi," and the treatment conforms, on the whole, to this typical instance. The earlier history of the evolution of the type thus hardened into a convention by the thirteenth century is remarkable and interesting. The very first representations of the Baptism of Christ which we now possess are those which occur (as reliefs) on sarcophagi and (as mural paintings) on the walls of the Catacombs. A sarcophagus in the Lateran gives us, I believe, the most primitive realization which has yet been noted of the historical scene; though still earlier allusions occur elsewhere in such symbolic forms as Noah in the Ark and the Passage of the Red Sea. In the relief on the sarcophagus, however, a wavy line of almost Egyptian simplicity represents the Jordan, while a gigantic Baptist, clad in a loincloth of camel's skin, pours water from a bowl over the head of the Saviour. He is standing on the left, not, as is usual in later representations, on the right of the composition; but the attitude of the two chief persons, and especially the pose of the hand which holds the cup or bowl, is already that which was reproduced in later ages by numberless successive generations of artists. The "motive," as critics call it, was there from the beginning. One point of difference exists, none the less, between this earliest Baptism and all later representations. There is as yet no trace of the angel. He makes his first appearance, so far as I have been able to observe, in the central mosaic of the cupola in the "Baptistry of the Orthodox," at Ravenna, a work which all modern critics assign to the fifth century. And he does so even there is a disguised form, which curiously illustrates the transition from heathen to Christian art, and the way in which the conventional types of later ages were originally evolved from classical models.—*Grant Allen, in The English Illustrated Magazine.*

* * *

Saint Genevieve.

Saint Genevieve with the shy brown eyes
That droop 'neath the sombre hood which lies
Close to her face with its sweet sad smile,
And makes you think of Heaven the while
You stand in her presence. O world and wile,
She knows you not! Saint Genevieve
With the shy brown eyes and the sweet sad smile.

Within the bounds of her calm retreat
There is rest for weary and wandering feet;
There is hope for the hopeless and light for the lost;
There is priceless peace for the soul storm-tossed;
Life's bitter wine with its dregs of guile
She hath not tasted! Saint Genevieve
With the shy brown eyes and the sweet sad smile.

MARY MARKWELL.

Foster's Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States.

VOLUME I.—(Continued.)

MR FOSTER'S book commences with an introductory historical account of the origin of the American Constitution. He then, after discussing its preamble and nature, deals successively with the three departments of Government—the term of office of members of the House of Representatives—the right of suffrage. The Senate and its officers. Apportionment of Representatives and Impeachment. We miss the explanations which ought to be given as to how the selection has been made of the order of topics. For persons not intimately acquainted with the subject there is great difficulty in following the sequence of ideas. Mr. Foster should give a reader a key to enable him to understand why the chapters are placed in their present order. One valuable feature of the book is the history of the development of each subject. For instance, under the heading of "Apportionment of Taxes" a history of the apportionment is furnished, backed up by Jefferson's opinion of 1792 and Webster's of 1832. Even the preamble to the Constitution has its history. While, as a rule of construction, a written constitution, like all documents, can only be interpreted by what is found within itself, the knowledge of the events which led to the adoption of any given clause are an aid to an intelligible appreciation of the meaning. No information is more apposite for argument or for the drawing of an analogy. The intention of the document may indeed often be ascertainable only from a knowledge of the difficulties which it was intended to meet. How far the strict technical rules of construction which a court would apply to a deed of title or a will can fairly be applicable to the constitution of a country may be questionable. It is a difficulty which is sure to arise wherever a paper constitution exists. Lawyers' quibbles and lawyers' doubts are raised where plain people know perfectly well what is intended. A narrow-minded or a corrupt or a timid bench may decide questions in such a way that, after all, the common sense of the community has to be appealed to for the purpose really of disregarding what the law is defined to be by the court. The decision may be law, but it is not what the nation requires. This generation is lawyer-ridden and it is found that the Constitution builders of the United States placed too much power in lawyers' hands. A régime founded on this basis generally yields to that of the sword. People get disgusted with the delay and hesitation caused by getting to the theoretical right of a question which they know ought to be decided promptly.

Very much that Mr. Foster writes is interesting only to people of the United States. He deals with their local rights and local law. But where we, living as we do under another system, have been able to verify his statements, he seems to us frank and impartial. For instance, in his introductory account of the rise of the Constitution, he speaks more plainly of the difficulties of the Americans at the close of the War of Independence than we remember to have seen in any other American author. He acknowledges the influence the debtor class had as a factor in the Revolution. By these men "taxes were voted to be needless burdens, courts of justice to be intolerable grievances, and lawyers a common nuisance." Mankind at large will not contradict them. Mr. Foster's introduction is exceedingly well done, and deserves careful reading. We cannot accept Mr. Foster's favourable opinion of the Constitution as adopted, but we have read his statement of facts with great interest. The topic of the theoretical right of secession is very fully, fairly, and ably discussed in this volume. At page 116 will be found an account of early assertions of the right. The first threat was made in 1789 by Senator Pierce Butler, of South Carolina. It is, or ought to be, well known that one result of the war of 1812 was to drive the New England States to the verge of breaking up the Union. In 1828 the Southern States were opposed to a new tariff then imposed, and a new doctrine, that of nullification, was invented by South Carolina to meet the emergency. General Jackson threatened to hang Calhoun higher than Hayman if he did not abandon this nullification scheme. The result was a drawn battle. The tariff was modified and South Carolina withdrew her

legislation. The crisis came over the slavery question. The live issue was the right of Congress to regulate slavery in new territories. The North contended that the clause in the Constitution which gave Congress the power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territories or other property belonging to the United States included absolute power to regulate domestic institutions. The South maintained that a guarantee which the fifth amendment to the Constitution had provided for the protection of private property, forbade the enactment of a law which took away a man's property in slaves when he had removed them to the territories. In a case in the Supreme Court at Washington, known as the "Dred Scott" case, that Court had decided that when the Constitution was adopted it was considered that the "blacks had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." The Constitution, on its face, so favoured slavery that Wendell Phillips characterized it as follows: "The Constitution is a compact with hell. God damn the Constitution of the United States." The result of the war between North and South eliminated slavery as a future possible cause of secession. But philosophically speaking, that result did not affect the abstract question of State rights. Since the war the Supreme Court has declared: "The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union, composed of indestructible States." (Texas vs. White 7 Wallace's Reports, 700). But this is not considered sound law. It is an *ad hoc* expression of what the law was intended to be, not what it is.

Mr. Foster furnishes a criticism of the Constitution of the Confederate States, from which it appears that the people of those States in their Constitution preserved the rights which they had claimed from the North. The weakness in time of war of a constitution full of guarantees of personal liberty and checks upon the powers of the Government is manifest in the history of the Confederacy. With the South as with the North the maxim *inter arma silent leges* was painfully felt. That is where a paper constitution always breaks down. We recommend our readers to peruse Mr. Foster's history of Secession if they wish to receive a clear idea of its cause and of the causes also of its failure. The difficulties of reconstruction are also fully detailed in this same connection. The legislation passed by Congress for the purpose of achieving reconstruction has not yet been passed upon by the courts. It may be described as an *ultimatum* by the majority to the beaten minority containing the terms on which the minority could regain their rights. Thus, for the time, the assertion of a right to secede was suppressed. But the right itself is just as assertable as before. If the South had had a few more States with them, or if the fortune of war had decided otherwise than as it did, the right to secede would have been vindicated by force of arms. Now, all that can be said about it is that it is dormant. The irony of fate will probably lead those States hereafter to assert it who were thirty-five years ago most vehement in denying it. Mr. Foster says: "The Reconstruction Acts must be condemned as unconstitutional, founded in force, not law, and so tyrannical as to imperil the liberty of the entire nation should they be recognized as binding precedents."

We have not space to analyze or give any summary of the other subjects dealt with by Mr. Foster. They are matters of domestic interest appealing directly to the citizens of the United States. Students in the special subject of constitutional law will doubtless always find investigation on these subjects not only useful but interesting. But to persons living outside of the United States they are matters of academic interest. So far as we can judge, Mr. Foster has brought to this part of his work the same industry, fairness and judicial impartiality which he has shown in dealing with the wider political questions which interest all thinking men. The chapter on Impeachment contains a mass of information. The most interesting case was that of President Johnson who, in 1868, was tried and acquitted. Seven Republican Senators voted for acquittal and by this action sacrificed their hopes of political future.

On the whole, the impression left upon the mind in the examination of the subject of the Constitution of the United States is that it is too complex and that there is too much of the "lawyer" about it. This defect is common to all paper attempts to govern mankind by set formulas. The practical drawback to the result of the Constitution is the dangerous notion of "State rights." From this curse may Canada ever

be free. May our sons be educated to place Canada always before their minds as supreme and unquestionable, keeping for their Province the same kind of affection that in England a man has for his country. It is where he comes from, where his relatives live, but he is an Englishman first and a man of his country second. In Canada, the same spirit must prevail—a man must be a Canadian first, the Province he comes from is a minor matter and a fact by no means to be brought into prominence except as a cause for friendly rivalry or affectionate remembrance. No lesson should be more impressively taught our young men, otherwise we may drift into the same dangers that still menace the Union. Magnify the Dominion, minimize the Province.

Some Contemporary Metrical Literature.

TO those authors, here reviewed, whose metrical productions truly deserve to come under the entitulation of "Poesy," apologies are at once tendered for the necessity of thus grouping them with those to whom a strict regard for just criticism precludes the more dignified heading.

First, then, come some "Human Verses," by Eppie Frazer,* which occupy less than half a hundred small pages. Not that such paucity of pages is anything against them. By no means. A too severe critic might that same paucity commend. Since, too, Eppie Frazer attempts no very lofty theme and no very lofty treatment of theme, it is well, perhaps, that he (or she, for the Christian name denotes no gender) is brief. The following stanza is, perhaps, a typical one:

The student stretched his bow-bent back,
And shoved his books away,
And sighed, as thought retraced its track
Along the busy day.

However, if the author essays not the "grand style," he is nevertheless lucid and simple, and his themes are at least wholesome, if homely.

Our next is of different stamp: Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, that fertile and facile maker of mellifluous verse, has treated his admirers to get another book, this time a book containing one poem—"The Tale of Balen."†

Two things always strike one in anything that Mr. Swinburne writes: First, his amazing power of wielding a myriad different forms of metre; second, his equally amazing weakness in retaining his own peculiarities of diction throughout them all. He rivals Tennyson in the varieties of his verse; he can stand no comparison with Tennyson in altering his diction in obedience to those varieties of verse. One opens Tennyson at random, quite at random, and one comes across such difference of style as is exhibited between that of the first six and that of the last eight lines of the following continuous quotation from "the Princess":

While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from heaven
A blessing on her labours for the world.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Here the poet sinks himself in his subject. Mr. Swinburne not always sinks himself—rarely sinks himself. One opens him too at random, and one reads—

Have we not lips to love with, eyes for tears,
And summer and flower of women and of years?
Stars for the foot of morning, and for noon
Sunlight, and exaltation of the moon.

(Anactoria.)

* "Human Verses" By Eppie Frazer London: The Circle Co-operative Printers' Society. 1895.

† "The Tale of Balen." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Scribner. 1896. Pp. 132. Price \$1.50.

Or,

Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
Since joys go by;
Sad but not bent with sadness,
Since sorrows die;
Deep in the gleaming glass
She sees all past things pass
And all sweet life that was lie down and lie.
(Before the Mirror.)

Even these few lines, surely, are enough to show the superiority of style in Tennyson. In poetry style is all in all.

Well, the very first page of "The Tale of Balen," namely, the Dedication, sweet as it is, both in feeling and in expression, tells one at once that one is reading Swinburne. It is to his mother, and runs thus:—

Love that holds life and death in fee,
Deep as the clear unsounded sea
And sweet as life or death can be,
Lays here my hope, my heart, and me,
Before you, silent, in a song.
Since the old wild tale, made new, found grace,
When half sung through, before your face,
It needs must live a springtide space
While April suns grow strong.

To find fault with that would not be easy: its rhythm, its music, its grace, its pure refinement of artistic taste, all are beautiful; yet it lacks something; it lacks what Matthew Arnold, after Goethe, called the "inevitableness" necessary to high poetry; we cannot say of it, "that could not by any possibility of means be better expressed;" it lacks directness, it lacks simplicity; it possesses feeling to the full, but the unalleged poetic expression of feeling—that it wants. And, it seems to us, that all Mr. Swinburne writes wants this. His tropes are vague and shadowy, and we are not always very sure that we shall find much definiteness or substance behind them, and when they are summoned in turbulent troops in every stanza, we do not take the trouble to discover whether our suspicions are well grounded or not. Take, for example, the first three lines of this dedication: does it or does it not, not only clear, but add to our conception of love to say that it "holds life and death in fee," that it is "deep as the clear unsounded sea," and "sweet as life or death may be?" Who stops to plumb the full meaning of such phrases? Is not one suspicious that their seeming depth is due, not so much to actual profundity as to want of pellucidity? The first requisite of poetry asserts that master of poetry, Milton, is simplicity. This all poets of the first rank know, believe, and practise. Mr. Swinburne sacrifices simplicity, directness, inevitableness, to music, to rhythm, to sweet sound, to lush and lavish diction. That thing called "poetry," poetic feeling, he has in abundance; why will he always enwrap it in soft and sensuous sound? The first stanza of this "Tale of Balen" is a typical example of this power linked with this weakness:—

In hawthorn-time the heart grows light,
The world is sweet in sound and sight.
Glad thoughts and birds take flower and flight,
The heather kindles toward the light,
The whin is frankincense and flame.
And be it for strife or be it for love
The falcon quickens as the dove,
When earth is touched from heaven above
With joy that knows no name.

And what is said of this first stanza may be said of the whole poem: it is the author of "Poems and Ballads," who is the author of "The Tale of Balen," and he shows on every page that he has not yet disengaged his weakness from his power. Here is a stanza about the middle of the book the parentage of which the most cursory reader of "Poems and Ballads" could guess unaided:—

And Arthur said: "I know them not;
But much am I for this, God wot,
Beholden to them: Launcelet
Nor Tristram, when the war waxed hot
Along the marches east and west
Wrought ever nobler work than this."
Ah," Merlin said, "sore pity it is
And strange mischance of doom, I wis,
That death should mar their quest"

One cannot help feeling (though perhaps it is an audacious thing to say of so eminent a poet as Swinburne) that Arthur declares God "wots" and Merlin is constrained to "wis" from exigencies rather of rhyme than of reason.

However, we cannot have all things from all men. We have had a Tennyson; we have a Swinburne. That one can—and justly—so link their names means much. Long may Mr. Swinburne continue to give us luscious verse, subtle music; long may he show us what magic of sound lies sleeping in this northern English tongue, ready to be wakened into song when such a singer as himself essays the task.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

* * *

Canadian Savage Folk.*

IN this work a very large amount of most valuable information has been brought together in one volume—information that is not within the reach of the average reader, and upon a subject that has ever excited the liveliest interest.

It has been no uncommon source of regret to many of us when visiting the old world—that world we are still so proud to call home—that when asked concerning the lives, legends, and records of our Indians, we had no knowledge to enable us to give an intelligent answer. True, we have had a general idea, scarcely exceeding an instinct, that the native race from whom we acquired much of the lands of our wide Dominion are better treated, have been more honestly dealt with by the Canadian and British Governments, than those dwelling south of the international line have been by the Government of the Republic. We have picked up, through the medium of magazine articles, some slight knowledge of the rites and ceremonies of the tribes met with by travellers. From the tales told us by our pioneer ancestors we learn of some of the distinctive features of their character, poetical imagery, and child-like faith in the "Great Spirit." We prize with jealous care the few records of their presence in the Eastern Provinces still existant in the beautiful names of our rivers, lakes, and towns—alas how few of them remain. The Indians of Fenimore Cooper fired our imagination as children, but the first glimpse of the semi-civilized and oftentimes fire-water degraded type which greeted our eyes from the muddy banks of some western river, where land jobbers and whiskey traders had pitched their camps, gave this imagination a severe shock.

There is no man in Canada, possibly anywhere, who has made a more careful, painstaking life-work in the study of the aboriginal races and all the writings extant relative to them, their traditions and history, than Dr. John MacLean. The publication of this his latest work should, and no doubt will be, welcomed by all Canadians as well as by thousands of the reading public in Great Britain, where a wide and practical interest in the red man has been kept alive by the missionary efforts of many noble men and women.

While gleaned information from all the recognizedly authentic sources, Dr. MacLean, by his personal experience and individual knowledge, has added not only a vast amount of hitherto unpublished material, but has revivified and reset the old in the most attractive and readable form.

The descriptions in "Some Queer Folk," of the various characteristics of the nations, numbering many tribes or families, are graphic and interesting. The pages devoted to the Nez Perces and their noble chief, Joseph, particularly so. The story of the famous retreat of this tribe from before their bloodthirsty enemies, the Baunacks, who were employed by the American Government against the tribe they had cheated and robbed, is finely told. This story has made many tender hearts burn within them against the injustice of the white man to the red, and roused at least one pen to write such noble, strong and effective words as forced redress and won better treatment from the hands that guided the laws in subsequent dealings with the Indian tribes within the borders of the United States.

Cheated, robbed, hurried from one reservation to another, Chief Joseph was at last unable to restrain his people. He then heroically led them, and conducted a campaign distinguished for the absence of cruelty and the exhibition of talents worthy of a Roman military leader. When the American troops were aided by their bloodthirsty Baunacks, who were enemies of the Nez Perces, cruel modes of warfare

* "Canadian Savage Folk : The Native Tribes of Canada." By John MacLean, Ph.D. Toronto : William Briggs.

were introduced, the Baunacks scalping "their fallen foes, maltreating their captives, and subjecting the Nez Perces women to every indignity. The Nez Perces refused to retaliate. They did not scalp their fallen enemies, and the white women taken captive by them were dismissed unharmed. When they were defeated they made preparations for their famous retreat, covering a distance of a thousand miles, over rugged defiles and mountainous pathways, pursued by the hostile Baunacks. The military ability of Chief Joseph was displayed in the famous march homeward. Gathering the women and children and members of the tribe, old and young, protected by mounted warriors, he fought his way through the ranks of his enemies, defeating them on many occasions, although he was hard pressed and they were fresh and able to obtain help to intercept him in his march. So successfully was the retreat managed that not until they were within one day's march from home were they overpowered, and then it was through a large force of infantry, cavalry and artillery from Fort Keogh effectually barring their advance. Courageous to the last, they made preparations to withstand the attacks of the American soldiers, determined to secure justice at all hazards, and were successful in obtaining satisfactory terms when at last obliged to surrender.

"The Nez Perces chiefs were a notable class of men well skilled in the arts of diplomacy, firm in the exercise of their authority, and generally just in all their dealings, their loyalty to their tribe, compelling them to seek the interest of their people in preference to their own personal concerns."

Could more be said of men belonging to the civilized white race. It is pleasant to know from Dr. MacLean's book that many of this noble tribe have now sought and found a home and justice under the British flag.

The traditions and customs, the games, festal days, and religious rites of the Blackfeet are dealt with at some length in this opening chapter. What a satire upon our so-called civilization is the following :

"Anxious to learn all I could about the marriage customs of the people, I asked one of my friends, 'How many wives have you?' 'Three,' said he. 'How did you get them?' 'Well, I paid for the first one a horse; she was not very good looking, so I got her for one horse! The second one was good looking and a good cook, so I paid two horses for her. The third was a beauty. She was a good cook, and she had a fine disposition; I gave three horses and a gun and a saddle for her. She was a beauty!'"

After narrating this, in a business like fashion, he turned to me, as his male companions sat by his side, and said, "Apawakas! how many horses did you pay for her?" Apawakas is the Indian name of my wife, and means "White Antelope." I was rather taken aback to have the tables turned upon me so quickly, but determined to make the best of the situation, so proceeded to tell the Indians the white man's method of courtship, then the ceremony, when the minister joins the hands of the engaged and prays to the Great Spirit.

Afterwards the explanation was given of setting up housekeeping, the mother-in-law providing pillows, blankets and many of the necessary things for the home. When this point was reached, the red men could not retain their laughter any longer, and they shook with laughter at the strange customs of the white men. After they were able to control themselves, one of them said, "They paid you for taking her!" The Indian buys his wife, but the white man gets his wife for nothing, and is paid for taking her off the mother-in-law's hands. This appeared all the more significant to the Indians, as they do not speak to the father-in-law, and seldom to the mother-in-law. Pointing to the children in the home, my friend said, "If you and your wife were to die, what would become of the children?" I explained to him the process of making a will, stating that the executors would use my property for clothing, educating and providing for the children, and that the money obtained from the sale of the property would pay all expenses.

"The white people are savages!" said he. "When any people die in our camps and leave little children, we take them into our lodges. The best piece of buffalo meat we give unto them. We clothe, we train them. They belong to all the people, and we all care for them. They are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. They have no father nor mother, so we are all fathers and mothers unto them. The white people are savages. They do not love their

children. The people have to be paid for loving orphan children."

There are several pages descriptive of the Cree Confederacy. It is an extensive one, comprising the Plain Crees, the Wood Crees and the Swampy Crees. Nehigowuk—meaning the Exact People—is the name by which they are known among themselves. The significance or origin of this name is not given unless it lies in the exactitude of their language. In reference to it, Dr. MacLean quotes the following passage from Archdeacon Hunter's "Grammatical Construction of the Cree Language":—

"The more familiar I have become with its grammatical construction—so peculiar and unique, and yet so regular and systematic—the more have I been impressed with the beauty, order and precision of the language used by the Indians around us. Although they may rank low in the scale of civilization, yet they carry about with them a vocabulary and a grammar which challenge and invite, and will amply repay the acumen and analytical powers of the most learned philologist. If a council of grammarians, assembled from amongst the most eminent in all nations, had, after years of labor, propounded a new scheme of language, they could scarcely have elaborated a system more regular, beautiful and symmetrical."

Dr. MacLean adds that "There are several dialects of the language, due to the locality in which the people dwell, with the difference of flora and fauna, occupation and modes of living."

Truly are they children of nature and in their perfect simplicity nearer to nature's God.

Yet its perfection seems most perfect in its simplicity, for we learn later on that James Evans, a Methodist missionar', has compiled so complete and simple a syllabary of the language, that a clever Indian can memorize all the characters in an hour or two, and in two or three days read the Bible or any other book in his own language.

Specimens of the vocabulary of the different dialects or languages of the nations are given throughout the book, and form an interesting portion of it.

The hatred some of the tribes bear to the American soldiers, notably the Sioux, is referred to in more than one instance. There is a dry humour as well as dignity in the summing up of their case by a Sioux Chief.

"Sixty-four years ago I shook hands with the soldiers, and ever since that I have had hardship. I made peace with them and ever since then I have been running from one place to another to keep out of their way."

Sitting Bull's reply to the American Commissioners when he refused their offers to return, while he unhesitatingly submitted to the terms proposed by the Canadian officers, is another pertinent paragraph in the history of these people.

"I came to you, in the first place, because I was being driven hard by the Americans. They broke their treaties with my people, and when I rose up and fought, not against them, but for our rights, as the first people on this part of the earth, they pursued me like a dog, and would have hung me to a tree. They are not just. They drive us into war, and then seek to punish us for fighting."

The story of Mission Work runs like a central cord throughout the book. The natural characteristic of faith—so strong in the Pagan Indian—faith in their superstitions, faith in dreams, faith in omens, faith in the signs and tokens of the natural world, born largely of their observing abilities and strengthened by their reasoning faculties as they see the working of cause and effect—and their acceptance of the existence of a Supreme Being form the best of all foundations for an active, practical and living Christianity. The absence of what one might call the spirit of evil in their consciousness makes the soil a fruitful one on which to sow the seeds of the Gospel.

"The red men hate the double-tongued Indian, and when they have been taught the holier principles and nobler virtues of the Book of God, as possessed by the white man, they fail to understand the non-agreement of his principles with his practice."

What a sad record it is to send down to future ages that "The less the Indians came in contact with the white people the more were they noted for their morality."

As among the whites the chief cause of depravity has been and ever will be, strong drink. An intoxicated Indian

is an awful sight and the wisdom of the Chiefs has, by petition to the Government at various times, as well as the exercise of their influence and authority, done very much to lessen the evil throughout the North-West Territories.

The tribute paid to the women of note, who have spent their lives and devoted their talents to the conversion, civilization and well-being of the native tribes, is one of the finest parts of Dr. MacLean's book.

Particular reference to this and many other features of this valuable work, must be left to a second notice. There is too much which it would be an injustice to pass unnoticed in this profusely illustrated, well-printed book, of upwards of 600 pages.

* * *

Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago.*

AN attractive name for an attractive little book. As might be surmised, the book is an exposition of the "Song of Solomon"—that incomparable effusion of true, triumphant love. The author chooses to treat the Song as purely and simply a love story in verse: and regards as truly ludicrous the attempts of theologians to force the details of a love story into a designed and inspired allegory of Christ's love for the Church; the Song is inspired in so far as it represents the triumph of God's greatest gift—Love—over all the allurements of luxury and lust.

The story is put in beautifully romantic form. A young shepherdess has fallen in love with a Shulamite shepherd; her half-brothers are opposed to the match and confine her to work in the vineyards. While here Solomon's procurers entice her to the court on the pretence of employment, and the Song opens where some of the women of Solomon's court are broaching to the girl the project of her becoming the sixty-first wife of the lecherous king. Her true love indignantly repudiates the proposal; the lover is made to appear on the scene; and the Song proceeds with resistless sweep through the dazzling variations of passionate appeal, of flattering allurement, and of outbursts of unwavering fidelity, until finally the lover carries back his "Rose of Sharon" to the valleys where she had first blossomed into love. King Solomon does not appear on the scene except incidentally as an unconscious passer-by in the distance; and the probability that he is the author of the poem is very slight.

In the latter part of the book the author sets out the Song in metrical form, following closely the revised version, and indicating the parts taken by the different speakers in that matchless dialogue, thus adding a degree of intelligibility and human interest to the Song unattainable without such interpretation.

* * *

The Poetical Works of Robert Burns.†

THREE are few, indeed, of the many admirers of Burns—in many particulars the greatest of all the poets—who will not consider the hundredth anniversary of the illustrious Scottish bard's death an opportune occasion for the issuing of a new edition of his poems. Unless an extensive examination were made of the quality, the character, the individual characteristics of the enduring poems which Burns wrote, the merits of his poetry could not be properly discussed. The merits of his poems, however, are so universally recognized that a lengthy consideration of them would be unavailing. The review of this new edition of his poems must, therefore, direct the reader's attention to the merits of the present when compared with the former editions of the poet's deathless productions.

For its price the volume is certainly a marvel. It is well bound in cloth, the design being that the book shall survive the wear of use. It is printed faultlessly in large clear, accurately cut type. The paper is strong and good, yet at the same time light in weight, and while sufficiently

* "Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago." By the Rev. T. A. Goodwin. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

† "The Poetical Works of Robert Burns." National edition. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd.) Price 75c.

thin to permit of the six hundred pages the book contains being compressed into very small space, it is sufficiently heavy to prevent one page being seen through the other. The margins are wide enough to relieve the monotony of a densely crowded page, and the table of contents, the biography or memoir, and the arrangement are as admirable as could be desired. The book contains what few of the editions of Burns' poems contain, the poet's remarks on Scottish songs and ballads. The value of this part, aside from its value as being a production of the poet, is that it serves to show the secret of the immortality with which many poems long forgotten had been endued by the remarks of Burns. The notes and explanations of the Celtic expressions are accurately revised, and are arranged in a position eminently convenient for the reader's ready reference. The name of the poet on the title page is printed in red ink. After examining several editions, none of which is as low priced as this, we are of opinion that this volume, the national and centenary edition, is superior for all purposes, even for ornament, to any yet produced. We understand the demand on the edition has exceeded all expectations, and that the publishers have increased the number which the edition was originally contemplated to contain.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Hereward, the Wake, by Charles Kingsley. *The Heroes*, by Charles Kingsley. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)—These two volumes form the introductory publications of the set of Kingsley's complete works now being placed on the market in the pocket edition. The volumes are of uniform size, well and durably bound in cloth, and clearly printed on strong and good paper. To supply the demand for an edition of this great writer's works in a convenient portable form, the pocket edition was prepared, and if the opinions of the last of the classical English writers, "whose fiction is almost as true as truth," become diffused during the present season, it will be in no small degree due to the publication of the present edition of his works. The set will comprise, besides the above, "Hypatia," "Poems," "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Water Babies," each one volume; and "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago," in two volumes each. They are each post Svo., and the price is fixed at 1s. 6d. per volume.

It is pleasant to find one writer of Scotch stories complimenting another. Speaking of Gabriel Setoun's new novel, "Robert Urquhart," which has just been published by F. Warne & Company, 3 Cooper Union, New York. Mr. J. M. Barrie writes:—"At last a novel of Scottish life without the old dominie in it! The dominie had such a way of marching into the story as soon as he heard there was one on hand that I think Mr. Setoun must have gone about his work on tiptoe. Well, if I meet the dominie this evening I am sure to agree with him that it is a scandal, but, between you and me, I have long wanted to meet the village schoolmaster of to-day in fiction, and 'Robert Urquhart' proves that he can be made as interesting as any dominie of them all."

* * *

M. Zola is at work on his new book, "Paris," which will conclude the history of Abbé Froment, begun and continued in "Lourdes" and "Rome." It is said to be the author's intention on its completion to devote himself to dramatic writing, at least for a time.

* * *

There has lately been brought to our notice a Canadian table water known as "Radnor," which is of the highest merit both as a beverage and medicinally, and whose qualities and excellence have been repeatedly endorsed by analysis made by the most eminent chemists and physicians throughout the civilized world. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the equal, if not the superior, of any table water now on the market, and only requires to become more universally known to be appreciated as it deserves. "Radnor" is only another instance of the abundant manner in which nature has endowed our country with treasures of incalculable value to mankind.

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Descriptive pamphlet free.

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

Literary Notes.

Mr. John H. Boner has resigned the editorship of Funk & Wagnall's Literary Digest.

"Captain Courageous" is the title of Mr. Kipling's Gloucester fishing-boat story, for which so high a price has been paid.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has just written an Irish tale called "Marriage by Capture," which J. B. Lippincott & Co are to publish.

It is reported that there have been more than 4,000 visitors to Carlyle's house in Cheltenham since it was turned into a Carlyle museum less than a year ago.

The London Times announces that the Earl of Ashburnham will sell the well-known library of printed books and manuscripts formed by his predecessor. Some parts of this library have of late years been sold to the British and Italian governments.

The Critic of July 18, apropos of the centenary of Robert Burns' death, reviews several recent volumes bearing upon the life and writings of the poet, whom it rates among the world's greatest lyric writers. Mr. Zangwill's monthly essay is devoted to a report of his one-sided conversation with the Young Fogey—a type for which he professes little admiration. Some "Talks with Tennyson" are interestingly summarized; and among the illustrations are an excellent portrait of Mr. Gladstone, with quotations from his essay on "Man-Making and Verse Making;" and reproductions of designs from Mr. Beardsley's edition of "The Rape of the Lock" and Mr. Le Gallienne's edition of "The Complete Angler."

The Misses Robina and K. M. Lizars have a work of exceeding interest in the press, which is shortly to appear bearing the well-known imprint of William Briggs. The Misses Lizars have chosen a field than which, in many respects, Canada presents none better to the historian. Their work is entitled "In the Days of the Canada Company," and is in brief the history of the settlement of the Huron Tract. Many interesting characters made their way into that section of the Prov-

ince between the years 1827 and 1850—later than the last-named date the work does not carry us—and their striking personalities lend a picturesque and often dramatic interest to the pages of the volume which describes them and recites their doings and sayings. The story of the work is well sustained. The writers have written *con amore* in a most delightful style, and evidently have made extensive collateral research. "In the Days of the Canada Company," we are convinced, will rank among the most valuable, as it will undoubtedly be the most interesting and readable of the historical works that have been offered to the public.

* * *

Acute Dyspepsia.

A TROUBLE THAT MAKES THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS MISERABLE.

The Only Rational Treatment is to Remove the Cause of the Trouble—One Who Suffered Greatly Shows How This Can be Done at a Comparatively Trifling Expense.

The life of a dyspeptic is beyond doubt one of the most unhappy lots that can befall humanity. There is always a feeling of overfullness and distress after eating, no matter how carefully the food may be prepared, and even when the patient uses food sparingly there is frequently no cessation of the distressing pains. How thankful one who has undergone this misery and has been restored to health feels can perhaps be better imagined than described. One such sufferer, Mrs. Thos. E. Worrell, of Dunbarton, N.B., relates her experience in the hope that it may prove beneficial to some other similar sufferer. Mrs. Worrell says that for more than two years her life was one of constant misery. She took only the plainest foods, and yet her condition kept getting worse, and was at last seriously aggravated by palpitation of the heart brought on by the stomach troubles. She lost all relish for food and grew so weak that it was with difficulty she could go about the house, and to do her share of the necessary housework made life a burden. At times it was simply impossible for her to take food as every mouthful produced a feeling of nausea, and sometimes brought on violent fits of vomiting which left her weaker than before. She had taken a great deal of medicine but did not find any improvement. At last she read in a newspaper of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using three or four boxes there was a great improvement in her condition and after the use of eight boxes Mrs. Worrell says, "I can assure you I am now a well woman, as strong as ever I was in my life, and I owe my present condition entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have proved to me a wonderful medicine." Mrs. Worrell further says that Pink Pills were also of the greatest benefit to her husband, who suffered greatly with rheumatism in his hands and arms. At times these would swell up and the pains were so great that he could not sleep and would sit the whole night beside a fire in order to get a little relief from the pain he was enduring. Seeing how much benefit his wife had derived from the use of Pink Pills he began their use, and soon drove the rheumatism from his system and he has since been free from the terrible pains which had formerly made his life miserable. Both Mr. and Mrs. Worrell say they will always strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to ailing friends.

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Chess.

We are indebted to Dr. J. Archer Watson for game 747, published in the Edinburgh *Scotsman*.

Anderssen Kieseritzky White Black
1 P K4 P K4 BD GE
2 P KB4 P xP KN EN

3 The variation of the King's gambit known as the Bishop's gambit. It is a favorite opening with players who wish lively game.

3 B B4 P QKt4 Jv qo
3.... A defense elaborated by Bryan, an American player, and by Kieseritzky. It is a risky counter gambit working out, by analyses, unfavorably for the second player.
4 White might also play 4 B xBP ch, Kx B, B Q5 ch P Kt3, 6 Q Q5 ch, Kt Kt2, 7 QxR, Kt Q3, 8 Kt Q B3, QR5 ch, 9 Kt1, Kt K2, 10 P P4, P Kt5, 11 Kt Q5, B Q3, 12 P Q1 Kt1, K2 and black would have the best of it. If 8 Kt KB3 B B4, 9 P Q4, K B3, 10 P xB, Q K2, 11 Castles, Q xBP ch, 12 Kt1, B R3, and black has still the advantage.

4 B xP Q R5 ch vo 844
4.... Another continuation here is 4... P QB3, 5 B B4, P Q4, P xP, Q R5 ch, 7 K B1, P B6, 8 P Q4, P xKt P ch, 9 K xP, B Q3, 10 Kt QB3, Kt B3, 11 Q K2 ch, 12 Q B2 and white has the better game.

5 White is compensated for the loss of castling by his speedy development and the time which black loses in retreating his queen into safety.

5 K B1 Kt KB3 AJ ZP

5.... The following is the standard continuation of modern play:—5... B Kt2, 6 KtQ B3, Kt1 Q3, 7 P Q4, Kt3 P Q5, Kt1 K4, 9 Kt B3, Kt xKt, 10 Q xKt, Kt R4, 11 P Kt4, P xP, ep, 12 K Kt2, B Q3, 13 P K5, B xKt, 14 BxPch K xB, 15 Q B5 ch, K Q3, 16 Kt K4 ch, K xP, 17 R Q1 ch, followed by 18 Q Q7 ch or Q B1 ch winning.

6 Exemplifying an important maxim in chess—that counter attack is often the best defense.

6 Kt KB3 Q R 3 SM 4466

7 P Q3 Kt R4 23 P5

8 Kt R4 P QB3 M33 yx

9 Again exemplifying the above maxim.

9 Kt B5 Q Kt4 440 66W

10 P Kt4 Kt KB3 TV 55P

10.... It would have simplified the position had black captured the bishop. He, however, plays for combination thinking he will gain time next move by white Bishop being en prise.

11 The disadvantage of mu'ch games as compared with off-hand skirmishes is that in the former such a combination as this leads to never occurs. This move is of a very high order, but would not be risked if money or reputation depended on the result of the game.

11 R Kt1 P xB 11S xo

12 P KR4 Q Kt3 2244 WX

13 P R9 Q Kt4 4455 XW

14 Q B3 Kt Kt1 IM PZ

14.... Black's queen is in danger and this is the only way of extracting her without loss. The defense has been defective at the outset, entailing a cramped position.

15 B xP Q P 3 sN WP

16 Combining attack with defense. The effect of this Kt at Q 5 worth noting.

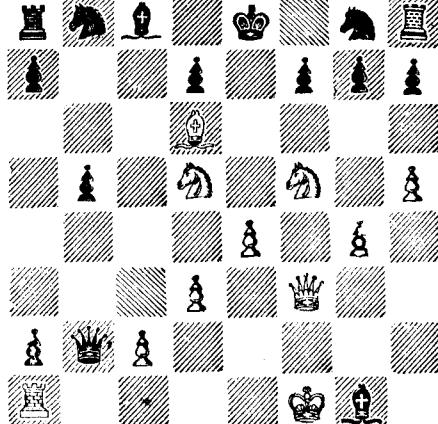
16 Kt B3 B B4 ju RW

17 Attack and counter attack now become fast and furious. Neither player has a move to spare. The maneuvers are interesting in the extreme.

17 Kt Q3 Q xP u5 Pk

18 B Q6 B xR N6 ws

18.... black had the option of playing 18... Q xR ch, 19 K K2, Q xR, but white could then have won a move earlier (rnbl1n1r, p2p1ppp, 3B4, 1b1N1N1P).



4 P1P1, 3P1Q2, PxP5, R4KB1
19 Splendid strategy. Had black played as indicated in Note 18... this would have been unnecessary.

19 P K5 Q xR ch DE ka†

19.... Black has committed himself to a policy of capturing, and it is difficult to see where he can stop with advantage. It has not been proved by analysis that black could save the game after this.

20 K K2 Kt QR3 JB rf

20.... At present white threatens 21 KtxPoh, and 22 B B7 mate. Black's 20th move delays mate one move, necessitating the beautiful sacrifice of the white queen. 20... B R3 would have been better for black here.

21 Kt xPch KQ1 OY† H8

22 This is the crowning move which has earned for this game its reputation.

22 Q B6 ch Kt xQ MP† ZP

23 B K7 mating..... 6G±

23.... It will be seen that black has all his forces on the board except three pawns. White has sacrificed Queen, 2 Rooks, a Bishop and 2 Pawns.

The N. Y. Chess Association Midsummer outing is being held at Ontario Beach.

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Periodicals.

Harper's Bazar for 24th July opens with "A Foreign Voyage" as an editorial, followed by the usual "Fashions," "arist Costumes," etc., besides the customary interesting articles such as: "Do We Know How to Amuse Ourselves?" "Heroes," "The Outdoor Woman," "Household Furniture and Decoration," and also a further instalment of "Bound in Shallows," by Eva Wilder Bradhead, and a story called "In a Yellow Envelope," by Lillie Hamilton French.

The little essay, "What of the Future," which appears in The Hesperian for August-October, brief though it be, contains a vast amount of food for thought. The usual criticisms which this number furnishes under the caption of "On Some Books and Authors," and "The Literary Wayside," are remarkably apt, and at the same time exhibit good sound sense. We notice that some remarks made in a recent issue of THE WEEK on "Joking with Death," being in reference to a paper printed in the December February number of The Hesperian has produced a further paper on the subject by Mr John George Layard

Seldom is so much fiction presented in a single issue of a magazine as is arrayed in the short-story issue (August) of The Ladies' Home Journal. With the contributions of such clever story writers as Bret Harte, Jerome K. Jerome, Sarah Parr Lilian Bell, Jeannette H. Walworth, Caroline Leslie Field and Annie Steger Winston, the illustrations of such artists as W. L. Taylor, T. de Thulstrup, Alice Barber Stephens, Otto Toaspern, Florence Pearl England and Clifford Carleton, divide attention and interest. The cover of the Journal, a reproduction of Albert Lynch's "Lees Parfums," a painting that won signal distinction in last year's Paris Salon, and W. L. Taylor's drawing, illustrating James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "While the Heart Beats Young," are artistic features. A spirit of humour is imparted by Mr. Woolf's page of waifs—"Life's Comedies." In a practical vein are articles by ex-President Harrison, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., and department editors. General Harrison discusses "The Secretary of the Treasury." Dr. Parkhurst has for a theme "Selecting a Career," and gives wise counsel to young men. As a compliment to this Ruth Ashmore addresses girls on how "To Be a Social Success." Another article, "Headaches and Their Cure," is contributed by four physicians, who diagnose and prescribe. Isabel A. Mallon tells of autumn coats and frocks in two articles, which are illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Mrs. Garrett Webster details giving "A Musical Luncheon."

The August number of The Methodist Magazine and Review opens with a paper on "The Conquest of Mont Blanc," containing a vivid account of Alpine adventure. The second part of "Trades and Occupations in Bible Lands," by the Editor, illustrated with many fine engravings, will be found useful by Bible students. "Our Indian Empire" gives descriptions, with illustrations, of many places in the "gorgeous East." "Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Rev. R. Osgood Morse; "The Life and Work of Emerson," by Miss M. S. Daniels, M.A.; "Elsie Marshall, Missionary and Martyr," by Miss Marian Norma Brock; and "Lady Blanche Balfour," by Rev. J. Robertson, D.D., are biographical papers which will be found both interesting and instructive. Mr. Thomas Lindsay contributes an article on "The Mystery of the Moon," and Rev. Dr. W. T. D. Dunn gives a thrilling account of "Wrecks and Rescues in Tynemouth Harbour," a dangerous part of the east coast of England. "Pastor Harms and His Work" relates to the founding of the missionary settlement at Hermannsburg. "Hiram Golf's Religion" is continued. "A Man for a' That" is a sketch of mission work among the longshoremen of Blackwell's Island, by James L. Ludlow. There is also in this number a paper by Rev. W. I. Shaw, comparing the Methodist standards with other creeds of Christendom. "Reviews," "Current Thought," "Recent Science," and a condensed report of the various conferences make this magazine acceptable to many readers.

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Periodicals.

The fiction number of Scribner's Magazine for August contains six short stories and a little comedy, in addition to several special articles, including the first paper in Mr. A. F. Jaccaci's account of his journey "On the Trail of Don Quixote," and Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "Old Gardens." Artistically this issue contains several features new to magazine readers. Vierge, the great French illustrator, seldom seen in periodicals, has made twenty-five drawings for the Don Quixote article. Miss Cecilia Beaux, an American painter, who has achieved distinction also in France, furnishes the frontispiece of this number—her first illustration for any magazine. Another artistic novelty is the series of marginal illustrations and decorative borders, printed in two colours and filling sixteen pages. Orson Lowell has made these unique drawings to accompany a little play by Annie Eliot called "As Strangers." The cover, printed in twelve colours, is from a drawing by Will H. Low. Other artists represented in the illustration of this number are Hetherell, Verbeek, Smedley, Frost, Clinedinst, and the Misses Cowles. The short stories in this issue are all by American authors. Humour and satire are furnished by "Mrs. Loft's Ride," a sketch of a certain type of New York society women by J. A. Mitchell, editor of Life and Bliss Perry's New England village study, entitled "By the Committee." The comedietta "As Strangers," by Annie Eliot, is a love story, and, like most of the author's dialogues, is well fitted for amateur theatricals. The only continued fiction is Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" which exploits one of Tommy's strangest pranks. The first of Mr. Jaccaci's "Don Quixote" articles gives promise of a picturesque and lively narrative, which follows Cervantes and his creation through the ancient province of La Manche. Poems by R. H. Stoddard, Clinton Scollard, Mrs. Fields, George Cabot Lodge, and Henrietta Christian Wright complete the issue with the usual departments.

The complete novel in the August issue of Lippincott's is "The Great K. & A. Train Robbery," by Paul Leicester Ford. The scene shifts from one part of the West to another; the action has some rapid and surprising turns, especially when the actors are considered; and the result is a readable and lively narrative. Clarinda Pendleton Lamar is evidently at home "In Louisa County," and writes with knowledge and affection. Her story brings before us the rural Virginia of old, with its hospitality, its unworldliness, its primitive and peculiar charm. "Golden Rod and Aster" by Neith Boyce, is a tale of youth renewed after a long interval, and of a middle aged reunion. It was the office boy of whom Evan R. Chesterman writes in "The Devil's One Good Deed," and the deed was one of life saving and sacrifice. George Montbard, a French artist now in London, tells of a "Narrow Escape" which he and a comrade had during the Franco-Prussian war, the result of a rash adventure on the outposts. Francis Lynde was once imprudent enough to spend "A Summer on the Gulf Coast." Those who read his description of that experience will wisely determine to follow the general custom, and go there only in winter. "Heraldry in America" may appear to many as an unpromising subject; but Eugene Zieber has much to say in exposition, defence, and praise of it. Rhoda Gale writes of "Immigration Evils," and sustains her argument by figures and facts rather than by declamation. "The Federation of Australia," as lately proposed, is a topic just now agitating our cousins at the antipodes, but little understood here. Emily Baily Stone returns to her favourite theme in "The Woman Question in the Middle Ages," and shows that, far from being wholly of our time, it existed five hundred years ago, though in a rudimentary and inchoate form. James Knapp Reeve finds a sunnier subject for laudation in "The Blessed Bees." "The Editor's Incubus," according to Irving Allen, is the poetical contributor. Other editors might tell of heavier burdens in other shapes. The poetry of the number consists of a sonnet by John B. Tabb and quatrains by Edith M. Thomas, Clarence Urry, and Arthur W. Atkinson.

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- Sense and Sensibility. By Jane Austen London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
- Margaret Grey. By H. Barton Baker. Little Novels, No. 4. T. Fisher Unwin.
- The Story of a Marriage. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. Macmillan's Colonial Library. Macmillan & Co. The Copp, Clark Co. (Paper).
- Works of Max Beerbohm. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Courtship by Command. M. M. Blake. D. Appleton & Co.
- Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. By H. C. Bunner. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- The Problem of Prejudice. By Mrs. Vere Campbell. Little Novels, No. 3. T. Fisher Unwin.
- A Flash of Summer. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. D. Appleton & Co.
- Margaret Winthrop. By Alice Morse Earle. Women of Colonial Times. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- The Speaker of the House of Representatives. By M. P. Follett. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States. By Roger Foster. The Boston Book Company. The Carswell Co.
- Dolly Madison. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Women of Colonial Times. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- An Art Failure. By Jno. W. Harding. F. Tennyson Neely. The Toronto News Co.
- A Laodicean. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan's Colonial Library. Macmillan & Co. The Copp, Clark Co. (Paper.)
- Cousin Anthony and I. By Edward Sandford Martin. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Adventures in Criticism. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Eliza Pinckney. By Harriett Horry Ravenel. Women of Colonial Times. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- A Lover in Homespun. By F. Clifford Smith. William Briggs.
- Weir of Hermiston. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Stories by English Authors. London. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
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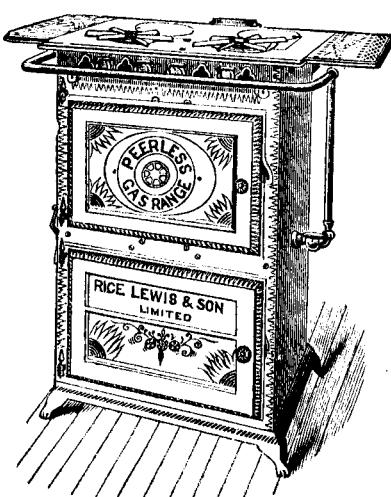
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